June 18, 1917 $1.00 a Year

Every Week

3¢

ENTERED, 1917, AT THE ... PUBLISHING CO.

Beginning

THE FLAG OF LOLONNOIS

By
Arthur Roche
who wrote
The Sport of Kings

Illustrated by
George Gibbs

First Aid to Ease and Comfort

The **Gem Damaskeene Razor** assures a comfortable, safe, easy, clean shave, in the quickest possible time without cut or scratch, *even under difficulties*—you'll appreciate its simplicity—its practical construction—nothing to lose or take apart—simply press down clamp and the wonderful **Gem Damaskeene Blade** "stays put" at the correct cutting angle. The **Gem** is indispensable in camp, on train or boat—anywhere, any time.

$1.00 Outfit includes razor complete, with seven Gem Damaskeene Blades, shaving and stropping handle, in handsome case.

Separate Set Gem Blades—7 for 35c
Dealers Everywhere

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., NEW YORK
Canadian Branch: 301 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES
GEM RAZOR

AN ARMY OF BOYS
MORE THAN 150,000 STRONG

ARE REGULAR READERS and loyal boosters for THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, and this year is going across every day because every month this splendid illustrated magazine CONTAINS STORIES LONG AND SHORT by the world's best writers. Special Articles, up-to-date and authoritative on every matter of big life. Departments edited by experts on Athletics & Physical Training, Hunting, Camping & Fishing, Electricity and Mechanics, Photography and Drawing, Stamps and Coin Collecting, Poultry and Pets, Boy Societies and Clubs, Jo-Jolly's Joke Machine, Cash Contests, etc., etc.

SPECIAL OFFER 25c FOR FIVE MONTHS

SEND A QUARTER TODAY (STAMPS IF YOU PREFER), as this special offer of a 5 months' subscription for 25c is for a limited time only. If not satisfied, your money will be promptly refunded on request. Address

The Scott F. Redfield Co., 1264 Main St., Smethport, Pa.
TO BOYS' FRIENDS: Send a quarter and make sure by Xmas. (REGULAR PRICE, $2.00 A YEAR.)

$1 a week buys a Black Beauty Bicycle

You need not ride a Black Beauty to appreciate how really different it is. Its style, durability and speed daily impress.

At Factory Prices—On Approval
NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Let us send you Cleveland yourself a Black Beauty on trial. If you don't like it, return at our expense. If you do like it, you pay only $1 a week.

Guaranteed For 5 Years against defective material or workmanship.

WRITE TODAY for Black Beauty Color Catalog showing all sizes and styles

Standard Cycle Co., Est. 1896, Dept. X Phila., Pa.

Let Me Quote You a Special Price On My Rapid Fireless Cooker

Cook every meal on it. If you are not satisfied, return it and I will refund every cent. Get my

Special Low Factory Price

Agents Wanted. Cooker is shipped direct to you. Costs no more than ordinary stove. Pays for itself in a few months. "Wear Ever" aluminum cooking utensils are furnished with it. Ask for free book of valuable recipes.

William Campbell Co.
Dept. 1 Detroit, Mich.

JENKINS BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

are world famous. Own a Cornet, Trombone, Clarinet, Drum, Saxophone, Violin, Guitar—any Band or Standard Instrument.

PLAY WHILE YOU PAY a little each month on the Jenkins Plan. SAVE BIG MONEY. FREE Lesson Certificate with each Instrument.

FREE Catalog, Band and Violin Guide, Free Trial Offer, Beginners' Band Book and Instructor and Jenkins' Engineers' Orchestra Book and Instructor. All mailed free to anyone who is interested in Band or Orchestra. A postal will bring them. Write today for Catalog. A test will prove or best. Address

JENKINS MUSIC CO., 25 JENKINS BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

BECOME A TRAFFIC MANAGER

Over half a million large shippers and all railroads need trained Traffic Men. Our system knows how to move shipments, obtain shortest mileage, lowest freight classifications, claim prompt refunds. Everywhere there are big positions and

Big Salaries For Trained Men

Train after We teach you by mail. Course is endorsed by railroad officials. Low cost, easy terms. Write today for free booklet and special offer.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 9265-L Chicago
"The World's Greatest Extension University"

STUDY LAW 30 Days FREE

Let us prove to your entire satisfaction, at our expense, that the Hamilton College of Law is the only recognized resident law school in U. S. Conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B.—by correspondence. Only law schools in U. S. conferring standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail. Over 500 classroom lectures. Faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers. Guarantee to prepare graduates to pass bar examination. Only law school giving Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking. School highly endorsed and recommended by Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. Send today for Large Handsomely Illustrated Prospectus and Special 30 Day Free Trial.

HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW 1239 Advertising Bldg., Chicago

Bicycle Book FREE

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. 1917 Edition 96-page book free. Prompt attention. Best results. Send sketch for free search. R. P. SIDNEY, 271 Bowen Bldg., Wash., D. C.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Patented Inventions. Send for list of inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge. RICHARD B. OWEN, 35 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Perhaps You Don't Dream Enough

A CERTAIN man went to work for John D. Rockefeller in the early days.

After he had been there a couple of weeks, Rockefeller dropped into his office one afternoon and said:

"Just as soon as you get this job organized I want you to look around for some one to turn it over to. Then you put your feet on the desk and dream out some way of making more money for the Standard Oil Company."

It was a rather startling order for a new man to receive from his boss. Apparently it violated all the time-worn precepts of business progress.

Here was an employer willing to pay only small salaries to the kind of men who keep their heads forever bent over the desk, and reserving his big salaries for the kind of men who sit with their feet piled on the desk.

A curious contradiction of all the First Reader stories. Yet there must be something in it: for on the foundation of that philosophy Rockefeller built the biggest fortune in the world.

As a matter of fact, there is a great deal in it.

The world would not have advanced very far had it not been for the contributions of its dreamers.

It would never have gained its steamboat, nor its Atlantic cable, nor its wireless telegraph, nor its electric light.

It would never have acquired any really great enterprise.

For a little enterprise may be rustled and worried into being: but a really great program or movement or business must be dreamed.

Over in West Orange, New Jersey, I stood one day in Mr. Edison's laboratory. While we talked I looked out over the big expanse of concrete factories stretching all around us. Shop after shop, all full of men and machines, all turning out their special part of the product.

And a certain sense of awe came over me. To think, I said to myself, that all this huge pile of factories should have been spun out of one single little human brain. Thousands of tons of iron and concrete and brick and mortar, all built on—what? On nothing but one man's ideas, and faith and dreams.

Most of the work of carrying on the world is necessarily hard and dull and routine in character: and for it the world needs us men and women who can steel our souls against weariness and monotony, and press forward with good cheer.

We are entitled to respect just in proportion as we do our work without grumbling and in a spirit of real devotion.

We can not by the mere wishing become Edisons or Watts: it would be worse than folly for us merely to pile our feet upon the desk and say, "Go to, now: I will not work any longer: I will dream a dream."

But almost any one of us could vastly increase the amount of imagination that he uses in his daily life. The faculty of vision, like any other human faculty, grows through exercise.

It is easy to become so engrossed with the mere mechanics of business as to lose the habit of thought. Easy to say "Yours received and contents noted" a certain number of times during the day, and go home with the notion that one has done a good day's work. When the really valuable work of the day could have been and should have been done under the shower-bath in the morning, or in the fifteen minutes' walk across the park to the office.

One man in a million wakes up, like Lord Byron, to "find himself famous."

But the majority of famous men are not taken unawares by fame.

On the wall of their minds hangs their own vision of what they ought to be and can be.

They are not surprised by success when it comes; because they have seen it coming, and planned out its coming, in their dreams.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

We still have some copies of Mr. Atwood's "Making Your Money Work for You," Dr. Bowers' "Eating for Health and Efficiency," and Mr. Stephens' "Running Your Car at a Minimum Cost." Ten cents apiece, or fifteen for all three: the address is 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

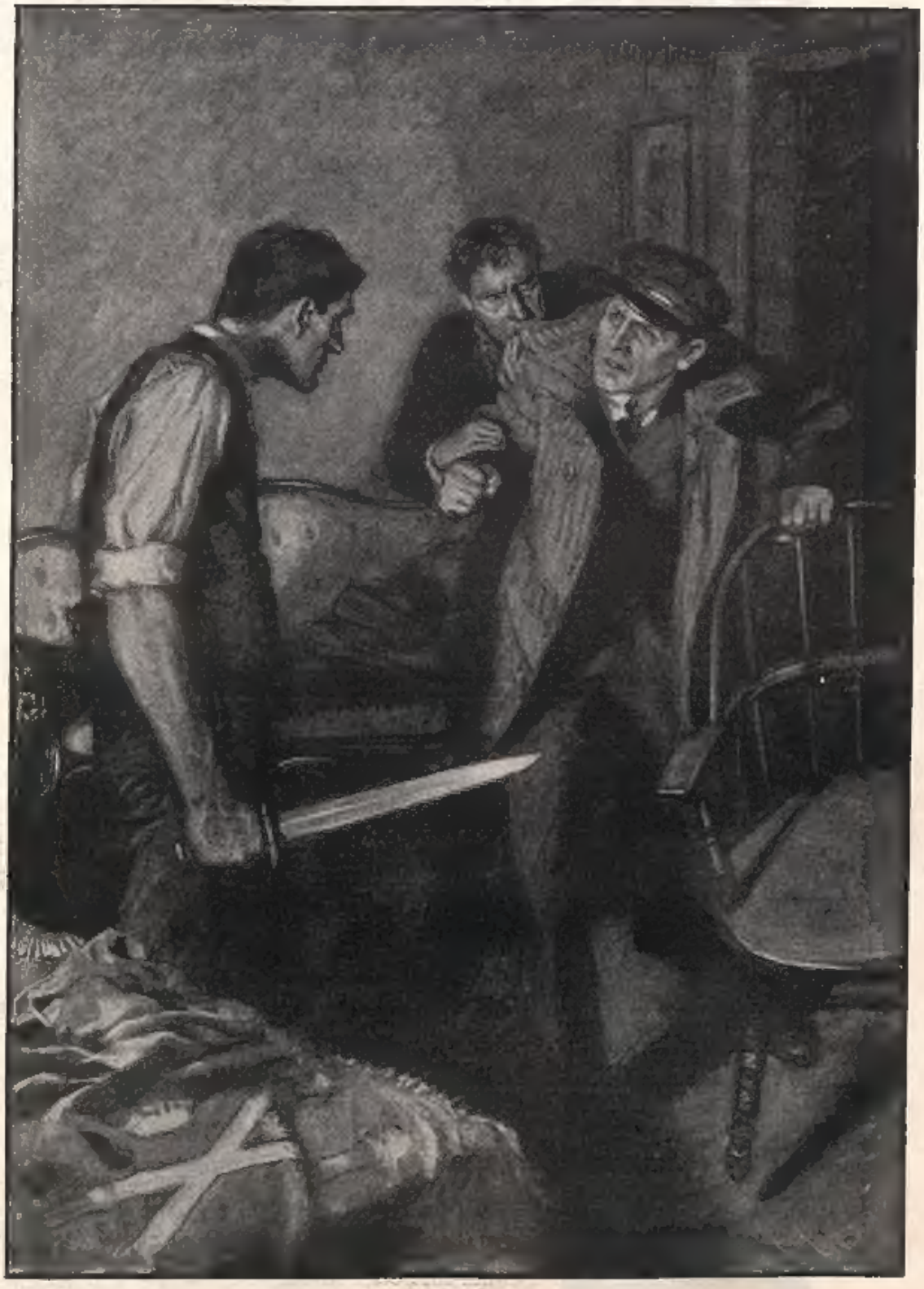
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
of IMPORTED *and* DOMESTIC *tobaccos — Blended*

Mild? Sure!
—yet they "Satisfy"

Here's a cigarette, Chesterfield, that is mild, *yes.* But they do something never before done by any other *mild* cigarette—they *let you know you are smoking*—they *"Satisfy"!* You'll understand what *"Satisfy"* means the minute you light up your first Chesterfield.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 for 10¢



"'What do you mean?' he asked. 'I mean that you're a particularly clumsy liar,' I cried. 'I make it an inviolable rule to do no business with liars. Now will you get out of here?'"

Vol. 4, No. 25
June 18, 1917

Every Week

$1.00 per Year
3 Cents a Copy

Published weekly by the Crowell Publishing Company, 416 Fourth Avenue, New York. Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Matter.

THE FLAG OF LOLONNOIS

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Illustrations by George Gibbs

TO begin with, I was christened Seth Dorland Fitch. I was educated at Harvard, and later took my degree of laws at Boston University. This was in 1912, in my twenty-fourth year. For a year I was in a law office in Boston. Then, the death of my father sundering my only family tie and putting me in possession of a modest income, I removed to New York. There, on Pine Street, after being admitted to the New York bar, I opened an office in the summer of 1914, shortly before the Great War broke out.

The business depression that came upon the heels of war was felt by lawyers as well as by other people. The summer months went by, and fall came, and winter began, and not a client had entered my office. In the meantime, I had an income more than sufficient for my wants. New York had a fascination for me. I was never so happy as when I strolled through the East Side, observing the amalgam of the races.

It was at the conclusion of one of these aimless strolls that I stopped at Neumayer's. Neumayer was a rotund little German who kept a curio and antique shop on Eighth Street, near Sixth Avenue. My Greenwich Village rooms were ornamented with many purchases made at his shop, and it was an ordinary thing for me to drop in and look around and depart without buying anything.

"Anything new that would interest me, Neumayer?" I asked, shaking off the January snow that clung to my shoulders.

"Since last night nothing," he smiled.

I grinned. "Well, that was merely an excuse for a chat," I said, "and my before-dinner cigar. Have one?"

He accepted the panatela I offered, and we both struck matches.

"How's the war suiting you?" I queried.

"She suits Neumayer," he replied. "And how is the practice of the law?"

"I manage to obtain a few spare moments," I said dryly.

I puffed on my cigar, glancing idly around at the familiar objects displayed on counters, on shelves, and standing against or hanging from the walls. Something that I had not seen before caught and held my wandering eye. I pointed to a glass case.

"What on earth is that?" I asked.

"The flag that Lolonnois flew. Likewise Jean Lafitte."

I stared. It was of some black material, with a gold fringe around its edges and a white skull and cross-bones in the center. Immediately I fancied it in my den, hanging above the suit of armor I had already acquired. Chivalry and piracy—the contrast tickled me.

"I'll give you five dollars for it."

"Perhaps you did not hear me," said Neumayer gently. "It is the original flag of Lolonnois, the bloodiest pirate of history. Likewise, Jean Lafitte flew it."

I smiled. "You're a good salesman, Neumayer, but—Lafitte was no pirate. He never sailed beneath the black flag."

"No?" The little German smiled. "Are the records so certain as that?"

IN a way, he had me. While Lafitte's services at New Orleans, when Jackson defeated the British, had won him a pardon that emphasized his turbulent past,—a past that, according to legend, included piracy,—there was no real proof that the outlaw had ever hoisted the black flag.

"How did you get hold of it?" I asked incredulously.

"Well, over a year ago one of my lodgers could not pay his rent. He wanted to go to Baltimore, where he said he had a job waiting for him. He left certain of his possessions with me. It was agreed that if he did not send me the money for his back rent within two months the things were to be mine. It is over a year since he left, and I have not heard from him. So—well, this flag was among them. I put it in the frame, and—already I have received an offer. I will sell it to-night."

"And the history of it? Did you make that up yourself?" I laughed.

"I got it from the owner. His name was Marsans. He said that he was a Creole, with both Spanish and French blood in his veins. He said that his great-grandmother was stolen from a Louisiana village when she was a girl by a band of Lafitte's raiders. She was taken to Lafitte's island in the Gulf of Mexico. There she was married to one of Lafitte's men. After the battle of New Orleans, she and her husband settled down peaceably near that city, to enjoy the pardon granted all of Lafitte's followers. The pirate chief himself presented this flag to his follower. He claimed that it was the flag of Lolonnois, which had been presented to him by a Costa Rican whose ancestor had sailed with Lolonnois. There is no reason to doubt the story, Mr. Fitch. You can see that the flag is very old."

He swung open the glass front of the case and gingerly extracted the grisesome banner. He spread it out on the show-case for me to admire. I felt its folds. Undoubtedly it was old—very old.

Neumayer knew my predilection for curios with a violent past. I did not hesitate to think him capable of concocting the yarn he had just told me in order to effect a sale. But the black flag would set off one wall of my study most gorgeously. I wanted it.

"Well, call it ten dollars," I said. "Your fairy story is worth the extra five."

He puffed his cigar. "You see, Mr. Fitch, I can not demand the price that it would bring were its authenticity borne out by documents. Nevertheless, I have already received an offer of fifty dollars."

"And refused it, of course," I jeered.

"The gentleman had only twenty dollars with him. As I did not know him, of course his check was valueless. Nevertheless he promised to come around or send around for it this evening. He agreed to pay fifty."

"And I suppose that he posted the twenty as a forfeit, eh?"

"I never thought of that," said the German. "He was so certainly a gentleman, and—his deformity made me pity him. I neglected that detail."

"Deformed?"

"A hunchback."

"Neumayer," said I, "you're a genius. Such a description of a mythical customer is great."

But I had genuinely offended him.

"I am sorry, Mr. Fitch," he said, "that you should think me capable of such sheap business. I will tell you what I will do: If that gentleman does not come around by nine o'clock and pay me fifty dollars for this flag, I will present it to you."

Now, while I had suspicions that Neumayer was not averse to sharp practice, as I have said, I did not believe him to be an out-and-out liar. And if some one else thought enough of that flag to offer fifty dollars for it—well, it was worth fifty to me.

"Neumayer," I said impulsively,—it must be clear by now that I was a creature of impulse,—"I'll give you fifty dollars for that flag."

"But the gentleman—" he began.

I cut him short: "Did you promise to hold it for him?"

He shook his head. "I merely told him that fifty dollars was the price. He said that he would return; but I did not promise to hold it."

"Then my fifty is as good as his," I cried. "Wrap it up and give it to me."

IMPULSE had cooled by the time I reached my rooms and unwrapped the bit of bunting. It seemed not nearly so desirable now as when Neumayer had told me its alleged history. Though I tried its effect on each wall,—in several places on each wall,—I was dissatisfied. It was not in harmony with my other possessions. And even if it were—here my canny New England strain asserted itself—any sewing-woman could have made me as good a flag for five dollars. Disgusted at my gullibility and extravagance, I tossed it upon the table and started for my bath-room, to wash before dinner. A knock on my front door stopped me. I wheeled and opened the door.

"Mr. Fitch?" asked the taller of two men who stood in the hall.

"Yes."

"We've come to see if we can't buy the flag you just purchased from Neumayer."

"Come in," I invited.

"My name's Barron," said the tall man as we entered my living-room. "My friend is named Pelletier."

He pronounced it "Peletier"—as, indeed, I learned later, did every one who knew the swarthy, curly-haired, slightly bow-legged French-Canadian.

I waved them to chairs.

"No, thanks," said Barron gruffly. "Our business oughtn't to take long, so we won't sit. You paid fifty dollars for that flag." He pointed to the piratical banner on the table. "Give you sixty spot cash."

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and counted off three twenties.

"Is it a go?"

Now, two minutes before I would have taken twenty-five for that flag and considered myself lucky to get back half of what I had paid. But now, with a profit awaiting me, I hesitated. I can only explain my hesitation by the statement that something about Barron not only nettled me, but made me suspicious. My resentment, of course, was accounted for by Barron's too ready assumption that a few dollars' gain would cause me to relinquish something I had just acquired. The suspicion was aroused, I think, by his restrained eagerness, patent to my perception. So I said:

"The flag is not for sale."

"Not enough money, eh?" Barron pealed two more twenties off the roll. "Call it a hundred and let's not haggle. Here's the money; let's have the flag."

"Why do you want it?" I asked.

"Ain't it enough that I *do* want it and will pay twice what you paid?" he countered.

"It is not," I told him.

Then, for a moment, as I met his eyes, I was glad there was a chair between us. I retreated a few steps and picked up a short sword, one of my curio-shop trophies, and toyed with it. But I think Barron knew that I had read the flame of murder in his eyes and that my picking up the weapon was not a bit of mere indifferent carelessness. His mouth opened, but before he could speak his swarthy companion pushed him aside.

"My friend," said Pelletier, "is easily excited. When he is thwarted he becomes angry. But he means no harm."

I caressed the blade of the short sword with my thumb.

"Glad to hear it," I said. "I'm easily aroused myself." I smiled pleasantly at the French-Canadian. "Nothing excites me quite so much as to have my word doubted. I said that the flag was not for sale. You will find the door right where it was when you came in, gentlemen. Kindly make use of it."

Pelletier laughed loudly.

"A man of the right spirit," he said. "You, Barron, apologize to the gentleman."

"What for? What have I done?" demanded Barron.

"For your ugly face," snapped Pelletier. "Mr. Fitch thought that you intended to take his flag by force."

"Oh, no," I corrected. "I thought he might try. I had no idea that he would succeed."

Barron's eyes, cool enough now, held mine a moment. He nodded his head as if weighing my words. But Pelletier did not permit him to speak.

"Listen, m'sieu," he said. "There is a lady—a lady for whom my friend has achieved an affection. She saw this flag which you possess, and requested of my friend that he purchase it for her. An idle whim, but—what would you? It is the whim of a lady! My friend goes to com-

---

THIS new serial is by the same man who, as you will remember, wrote "The Sport of Kings." Mr. Roche is a young man in his early thirties, and his success has been extraordinary. Both of his novels, "The Sport of Kings" and "Lost," were written and published in a single year; and in addition he found time to write a play which is to be produced on Broadway this fall. His own opinion is that "The Flag of Lolonnois" is the best bit of work he has yet done. It will run for a couple of months, with a thrill in every chapter.

ply. He learns that the flag has been sold, and the shop-keeper tells us your name and address. My friend, anxious to gratify the lady, is a bit impetuous, excited. He regrets it. And now I appeal to your chivalry. What a lady covets a man gladly surrenders. Will you name a price for the flag?"

"A gentleman surely should do all in his power to please a lady," I said, smiling. "I wonder when she saw it?"

"But yesterday afternoon," answered Pelletier eagerly. "My friend learned of her desire only to-day, so—"

"You're sure the lady isn't a man—a hunchbacked man?" I asked gently.

Pelletier's mouth gaped. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that you're a particularly clumsy liar," I cried. "That flag wasn't on view yesterday. For some reason, you're lying to me. I make it an invariable rule to do no business with liars. Now, will you get out of here, or must I telephone for the police?"

I gripped the short Roman sword more tightly, and I prayed that age had done nothing to impair its for the look in Barron's eyes made me prepare for an assault. But Pelletier seized the big man's arm. For a moment they stared at me; then, with a sneer, the French-Canadian bowed and drew his companion from the room.

I carefully locked the hall door after them, and then picked up the flag.

Fragments of a dozen pirate stories came back to me. I thought at once of buried treasure. Pelletier had lied about the lady. His date proved that. And that my two visitors had some connection with the hunchback described by Neumayer was certain from the expression on Pelletier's face when I had referred to the cripple.

But why should this unknown cripple care for the possession of a relic whose history was uncertain so much that his agents should not only offer an absurdly high price for it, but should lie as to their reasons? Was the flag all that Neumayer had said it was? Did it contain a clue to some long-lost treasure?

AN hour after asking myself this question, I put the flag down. I had studied it thoroughly; but there was no design, nothing that could be a cryptogram, nothing that afforded a basis for deduction, wicked into its threads. Nor did the crackle of parchment reward my search. No sunwhol document had been sewed into its hems. I put the hunting down in disgust. What on earth could be its value to my late visitors?

Then I remembered that Neumayer had spoken of the hunchback as indubitably a gentleman. Such a person's agents might very well be coarse enough persons, and yet their employer might be a scholar and collector of sorts. Probably the violence that Barron had seemed so ready to display had been engendered by mere greed, mere desire to please his employer and reap the reward of such pleasing. All of which would go to show, if I reasoned at all correctly, that Neumayer's story had convinced another person besides myself. And that other person—the hunchback—was willing to pay quite a stiff price for the flag of Lolonnois. Well, in that case, thought I, maybe I haven't made such a bad bargain, after all. And certainly I would not part with it unless a prospective purchaser gave me a very good reason for his desire to possess it—a reason entirely apart from money, too. I could be stubborn as well as impulsive in those days.

So I locked the flag in a bureau drawer and started out for my delayed dinner. At the street door of the apartment-house I almost collided with the small figure of a man who was approaching in great haste. As I stepped aside I noticed that his smallness was not his only noticeable point: he was a hunchback. I watched him press the second of the row of bells in the hall. It was my bell. This gentleman, if he were Neumayer's hunchback,—and, with my mind filled with the blank flag, I was certain that he was,—at least showed a greater respect for my privacy than did Barron and Pelletier, who had climbed to the second story without announcing their approach. I turned back into the hall.

"You are ringing my bell," I said. "What did you wish?"

THE hunchback turned and gave me a view of his face. It had the bulging forehead so often characteristic of people of his deformity, and the deep-set eyes. But these eyes were the strangest I had ever seen in any face. A hard, metallic gray, they seemed shallow at first glance. But if one looked longer than the barest fraction of a second one gained the impression that they were veiled, and that behind the veils lurked all the hate of hell. One fathomed this much in a glance. At least, I did. Yet, when he spoke, so softly modulated was his voice, so cultured his accent, that I inwardly reproached myself, berated hitherto unsuspected "nerves," for thinking this little man anything but the harmless individual the sadness of his voice assured me that he was.

"This is Mr. Fitch? My name is Ransome, Mr. Fitch. Arnold H. Ransome. I called to see if I couldn't persuade you to sell me a flag that you bought to-day."

"Didn't your agents convince you that it was not for sale?" I asked.

He laughed quite merrily. "You must forgive my choice of ambassadors, Mr. Fitch," he said. "Pelletier and Barron are both good fellows—none better—but so devoted to me that sometimes they strain the truth in my behalf."

"And are willing to sprain a neck too," I said.

His face took on an expression of regret, combined with a certain pathetic dignity.

"I am a cripple, Mr. Fitch," he said softly. "Pelletier and Barron have been in my employ a long time. They resent my physical infirmities almost as deeply as I do myself. They have adopted a sort of browbeating attitude toward any one whom they imagine is crossing me. It is as if they would impress upon people that, while I am a weakling, they are amply able to fight their own battles and mine too. I am sorry, and trust that you will accept my apologies. I need hardly state that you were in no real danger at the hands of Barron."

"I felt no alarm," I said shortly. "I can take care of myself."

"I do not doubt it," he said, looking me over. Indeed, in contrast with his poor bulk, my own must have seemed greater than it really was.

"I am a collector of odd relics, Mr. Fitch," he went on. "That flag in Neumayer's took my fancy, especially after what Neumayer told me of its history. I am not quite prepared to accept that history in toto, but the flag itself is so old that I have no doubt that some pirate flew it. I want it."

"So do I," I retorted.

"But the manner in which you obtained it, Mr. Fitch, should convince you, as a gentleman, that I have a prior claim to it. Neumayer promised to hold it for me. Were you aware of that?"

"He told me that he most distinctly had not promised to hold it for you," I retorted.

Somehow,—and entirely apart from the bad impression I had obtained of his agents or employees, or whatever they might be termed, and despite his soft and cultured voice,—the man repelled me. It was not his deformity, either. It was a

"'Come around next week,' I told him. 'Good evening.' For a moment I thought the cripple meditated the absurdity of striking me."

something that might be termed his aura. His smoothly modulated speech made me think of a snake charming a bird, although snakes charm with their eyes and not with their tongues, I understand. And now, as I contradicted him, I got a second peep behind the gray veils of his eyes as they flashed in anger: more than anger—in a bitter hatred that made one think of malignant devils. I tried to put the impression from me, attributing it to the stirring up of my imagination caused by my study of the pirate flag; but it remained, even though when he spoke again he was as suave as ever.

"Oh, well, business is business, anyway," he said, smiling. "I shall not question your right to buy the flag from Neumayer. I should have left a sum on account with him. However—what will you take for that flag, Mr. Fitch?"

Pretty well convinced, despite my repugnance for him, that he told the truth about himself, and that the flag held no clues to pirate treasure, I yet did not like his cavalier assumption that money could buy it. I didn't want the thing; yet, stubbornly unwilling to yield even to a financial coercion, I hesitated.

"I'll give you two hundred dollars for it," said Ransome.

And that sudden doubling of his agent's offer made me refuse to consider the idea of sale—for the present, at any rate. It was not that I wanted a higher price: I simply refused to be hurried into a sale.

"Come around next week," I told him. "If I feel like parting with it then, you shall have the first chance to buy."

"I won't want to buy it next week," he rejoined. "The offer does not stand. It is good only to-night."

"Well, then, consider it finally rejected," I said coldly. "Good evening."

ONCE again it seemed that devils peeped from behind the curtains of his eyes. His extremely long arms flexed, and for a moment I thought that he meditated the absurdity of striking me. The methods of master and man, I felt, differed only according to their physical abilities. But he caught himself.

"Very well, Mr. Fitch. Sorry to have annoyed you," he said.

He lifted his hat and passed from the hall into the street. He turned west; and I, intending to dine at the Brevoort, went east. And before I had gone half a block I was a bit ashamed of myself. I didn't want the old flag; why had I been so reluctant to part with it? And I think that if Ransome had happened to go in the same direction I would have withdrawn my refusal to sell to him. But he didn't, and by the time I had reached my dining-place my shame at my stubbornness had vanished before my curiosity.

If the hunchback were a collector he surely had odd methods of acquiring his trophies. Collecting requires a certain diplomacy, and surely neither Barron nor Pelletier were diplomats. Nor was Ransome himself. He should have been a little more careful to hide his feelings.

Another thing. Two hundred dollars was a very large sum to pay for the flag, considering that there was no evidence to support its history. Collectors are either very simple or very shrewd persons. Ransome was no simpleton. He belonged in the other class. One glance at his face told that.

But I soon gave up the puzzle. It must be that Ransome was as impulsive and stubborn as myself. On no other ground could I account for his pertinacity. Friends joined me at my table, and proposed bridge. From the moment of the proposal until close on to midnight, when I arrived home, I thought no more of the flag, or of the hunchback and his followers.

But their existence was most forcibly recalled to me two minutes after I had switched on the lights in my bedroom. For the bureau drawer in which I had locked the flag of Lolonnois was open. I looked inside it. The flag was gone. In its place lay a little wad of bills which I wonderingly counted.

There were two hundred dollars in the wad.

To be continued next week

Little Sunbeam

By GEORGE PATTULLO

Illustrations by W. C. Dexter

"Little Sunbeam offered 'Ivanhoe Gleanings' to the 'Booster' as a labor of love—did we think this good training for authorship, or would we recommend a short-story correspondence course?"

LITTLE SUNBEAM first came into our lives with a fat letter from Ivanhoe, containing a faithful account of the doings at a social on the spacious grounds of the parsonage, in aid of destitute Belgians. It appeared from her write-up that the feature of the program was a recitation by Miss Bertine Biggerstaff, who rendered "Her Sister's Beau" very acceptably, and responded with a vocal solo as an encore.

Now, Ivanhoe was nineteen miles from anywhere and little more than a wide place in the road, so we managed to keep our temperature somewhat below fever heat over the event and published half a stick of her contribution. And we didn't pay her for that, because Little Sunbeam had neglected to inclose her name, giving the explanation that she preferred employment of a nom de plume, and that any items of interest she could find for the *Booster* would be a labor of love, inasmuch as she read the paper religiously, and hoped some day to realize her dream of becoming an author; and did we think this sort of work good training, or would we recommend taking a correspondence course in the art of the short story?

Next week she gave us some more. Her budget was labeled "Ivanhoe Gleanings," and read like this:

"Miss Bertine Biggerstaff gave an exhibition of china-painting at Dan Blackburn's picture store on Friday last. Many exquisite designs were shown, consisting of plates, cups and saucers, and three vases. Miss Biggerstaff studied for two months under Mrs. Ora Le Strange of St. Jo, Missouri, and connoisseurs predict a brilliant future for this talented young lady in whatever field she may elect to conquer.

"An unfortunate occurrence marred the serene calm of our Sabbath afternoon. Buck Ballew, aged twenty-six, was shot through the neck. Andy Ballew, a brother, was shot through the right leg, and the bone shattered just above the knee, the bullet ranging upward. Chester Ballew, another brother, was beaten over the head with a hard substance and severely hurt. Bodie Ballew, a cousin, was cut with a knife. James Ballew, known as the Gray Wolf of Red Bottom, had three ribs fractured and his scalp cut. Ike Ballew—"

But it would take half a day to call the tally of the injured furnished by Little Sunbeam, for we haven't even touched on the Cunninghams yet. Here goes:

"Bert Cunningham lost two teeth and the lobe of his left ear. Archie Cunningham had his neck and shoulder slashed, requiring seven stitches. Uncle Davy Cunningham was rendered unconscious by a blow from some hard substance as he was in the act of striking one of the Ballews with a breast-yoke. Young Lee Cunningham was wounded in the shoulder by a charge of buckshot. Grandpa Cunningham was rendered senseless by a missile thrown with great force by somebody whose identity has not yet been established, but who is thought to have been a Ballew.

"It is rumored there was ill feeling between the men."

That was all—every word of her despatch.

"That's what I call good work. It's accurate," declared Sam Bastedo, our printer, who was always a stickler for chronological order. "It behooves us to hire that lady, Cap."

Little Sunbeam's next offering in the "Gleanings" was:

"Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon, has returned from college and is the guest of his parents at their handsome brick home on Toney Avenue. He expects to be in Ivanhoe only a short time, and will then go out into the world to engage in his life-work. Mr. Witherspoon states that he has not yet decided what career he will embrace, but announces that he prefers life in the larger cities, and will probably make his home in one of the great metropolises.

"'That's what I call good work,' declared Sam Bastedo, our printer. 'It behooves us to hire that lady, Cap.'"

"At the morning service in the church last Sunday, Miss Bertine Biggerstaff rendered a vocal solo very acceptably. This gifted young lady was in pleasing voice, and her rendering of 'The Palms' was enjoyed by a fair-sized congregation that would have been larger, only it rained and the roads were bad."

ABOUT a fortnight later she broke out again:

"It is reported that Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, contemplates removal to Washington to accept a position in the Department of Agriculture. Just what his duties will be is not yet known definitely, but that he will be a pronounced acquisition to the government of the United States goes without saying. His hosts of friends in Ivanhoe, and indeed wherever this brilliant young man has been, wish him unbounded success in his chosen career. Some recognition of the prominent part Dr. Witherspoon has always taken in Democratic politics has long been felt to be his due, and therefore it caused no surprise when the report leaked out that his only son had been offered an honorable and lucrative situation at the Nation's capital."

But a hitch must have occurred, for Little Sunbeam did not send any follow-up on this item. She forwarded a few lines about a meeting of the Chaminade Club at the mansion of Mrs. Dink Sparger on Toney Avenue, at which Miss Bertine Biggerstaff rendered a violin solo very acceptably, her chosen piece being Handel's Largo; but of Mr. Dupree Witherspoon not a syllable for an entire month. Then one day the tension was broken:

"Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, has accepted a position with the Red Front Drug Store, and will enter on his new duties immediately. After a careful survey of various fields, this popular young man has decided to settle down in Ivanhoe, and declares that the old town is good enough for him or anybody. Is it a coincidence, or something deeper, that the gentlemanly proprietor of the Red Front is about to instal a marble soda-fountain in his place of business?

"However that may be, the Red Front Drug Store and its proprietor may well be congratulated on securing the services of Mr. Witherspoon. He is bound to bespeak for his employer a large trade."

WE did some editing on this announcement, for we were rapidly becoming fed up on Dupree; but it did not discourage Little Sunbeam. She came back with:

"The annual ball of the Volunteer Fire Brigade will be held in the hall above the Red Front Drug Store on Friday night, the twenty-fourth of November. Invitations have been sent broadcast throughout the county and the State, which will be well represented by its chivalry and fair daughters.

"The grand march will be led by Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, and there is much speculation going the rounds as to the partner he will honor. A little bird whispers that a certain young lady of musical and literary talents will be the lucky one, but who knows? A woman chooses, but man disposes. However—!"

On the twentieth of the month Little Sunbeam forwarded to the *Booster* a considerable list of personal items in "Ivanhoe Gleanings."

The leader was:

"Miss Bertine Biggerstaff has returned from the co. seat, where she went to do some shopping. Can it be that the annual ball of the Volunteer Fire Brigade on the night of November twenty-fourth had anything to do with the trip? A little bird has been whispering that some delightful surprises will be revealed that night in the way of modistes' creations. Time alone will tell. More later."

Another personal read:

"Miss Lola Sparger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dink Sparger, returned home yesterday evening on the Limited from the North. She has been attending a ladies' seminary for the past three years, with visits to the home of her parents twice annually; but owing to the health of her mother, who has been poorly, she left before the close of the term and will not return until after the Christmas vacation. Her many friends are rejoiced to see her back and looking so well."

We were only mildly interested at the moment in Miss Lola Sparger; what we yearned to know was whom Mr. Dupree Witherspoon honored for the grand march. The suspense was terrible; Sam Bastedo broke under it and got drunk.

In her subsequent account of this social function, however, Little Sunbeam betrayed a noticeable lack of enthusiasm, not to say lukewarmness. It was plain that, so far as she was concerned, the Firemen's Ball had been a dismal frost. She dismissed it with a few terse words; there was no glow to the write-up at all. She simply mentioned the fact of its having been held, with an unusually large crowd of guests present, and the merriment had been kept up until the wee sma' hours, and Miss Bertine Biggerstaff had looked softly lovely in a dress of blue china silk, trimmed with passementerie, and blue satin slippers to match.

That was practically all Little Sunbeam contributed on the Firemen's Ball at Ivanhoe, except that, away down in the tail end of "Gleanings," she did mention Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, as having led the grand march with Miss Lola Sparger.

The advent of cold weather—or was it the Firemen's Ball?—seemed to cast a shadow over Little Sunbeam, for we did not hear from her until long after New Year's, and then it was in an acrimonious vein, betraying overwrought nerves and rebellion against Fate. Indeed, had we permitted publication of her budget, it would have laid us open to three counts of libel.

"It behooves us," remarked Sam Bastedo, "to hire that lady, Cap."

"'At the morning service [run the "Gleanings"] Miss Bertine Biggerstaff rendered "The Palms" very acceptably.'"

ledo sagely, as he thumbed the copy—"it behooves us to keep our eye peeled on what this gal sends in, Cap. She's gettin' mean. She ain't herself."

That was the way it struck me, too. One paragraph in her "Ivanhoe Gleanings" ran about like this:

"It has been rumored of late that a certain handsome and debonair dispenser of hot drinks at a drug store not a thousand miles from the town square is engaged to be married to a young person now visiting her parents' home from school. A great many people have repeated this rumor, which may do much harm to innocent people. We are in a position to state positively that it is not true, and the report was started by the young lady (?) in the case, who would doubtless give her eye-teeth to have it true. But we are in a position to state positively that it is wholly without foundation, and on no less authority than the *young man himself*, who has *vigorously* denied it. He is at a loss to account for the gossip, unless it be that some *recent* attentions he has considered it polite to show this young person have been misunderstood. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—honesty is the best policy."

THUS was too but for the *Reader*. We absolutely declined to get mixed up with the love affairs of the handsome and debonair dispenser of hot drinks, and junked the item. But next week we took heart. There came an announcement that cheered us amazingly:

"Miss Lola Spanger, who has been visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dink Spanger, has returned to school in the North after an extended stay in our midst."

After that, Little Sunbeam appeared to gain a new lease of life. She mingled with

"'The Red Front Drug Store may well be congratulated on securing the services of Mr. Witherspoon. He is bound to bespeak for his employer a large trade.'"

her kind again; her "Gleanings" were full of meat. We received such revivifying news as the following:

"Ivanhoe is keeping pace with the march of progress! A dancing class has been organized in our midst among some of the young people, the object being to meet every Friday night in the hall above the Red Front Drug Store to trip the light fantastic and revel in the mazes of the newest and most refined steps. Miss Bertine Biggerstaff, who has been taking a correspondence course in the art that is the rage of New York and other metropolises, has volunteered to instruct the members of the club, which is to be known as the Sunbeam Circle. A little bird whispers that several pleasing romances will be culminated at these gatherings of the élite and bonton of fair Ivanhoe."

Great undertakings very seldom run smoothly, however, and the S. C. was no exception. It died a premature death within a fortnight. Grim religion put the ban on its joyous activities—the parson fit on the Sunbeam Circle like a thousand of brick. Here is the whole sad tale:

"Reverend White preached last Sunday morning on 'The Vices of Modern Society; or, is Ivanhoe a Whit Better than Ancient Babylon?' It was a powerful and forceful appeal, and was listened to raptly by a large and thoughtful congregation. Reverend White pointed out many parallels in the social life of Ivanhoe to that of the wicked city of old, and warned the younger generation to beware the pitfalls and snares that lie in wait for venturesome feet.

"Of all the evils most to be dreaded, he said, that of dancing was foremost. Often its insidious influence leads to hideous and soul-revolting sin, said Reverend White, and he cited many instances that had come under his personal notice of young men and women who had gone astray. And the one-step had been the first step downward. It can truthfully be said, declared Reverend White, that he who hesitates is lost—doomed forevermore."

And in the very next letter our Ivanhoe correspondent wrote:

"The dancing class recently inaugurated by the Sunbeam Circle, composed of the most prominent young people of Ivanhoe, has been discontinued. It has been thought best not to hold any more dances, for a variety of reasons. But the Circle is not dissolved. On suggestion of our pastor, it retains its name and membership, but the purpose of the organization will be altered. Henceforth it will aid the pastor in the work of the church and Sabbath school, and as a first step has planned to hold an old-fashioned social in the basement of the church on Friday evening next, for the benefit of the Foreign Missionary Society. Miss Bertine Biggerstaff has the program in charge, and some rare treats are promised all those who attend."

"It behooves us," said Sam Bastede sagaciously—"it behooves us to write to this here Miss Biggerstaff, Cap. Why don't you? It seems to me like she'd make a fine correspondent herself. She's in everything."

Shortly after the social, at which Miss Bertine Biggerstaff recited "Her Sister's Beau," to the unbounded delight of the hosts of children there assembled, and which was presided over by Dr. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, who had a few well chosen words to introduce each number on the program—shortly after this event, which left the Missionary Society with a deficit of only nine dollars and thirty cents—almost immediately afterward came a startling luminous announcement. It was no less than extensive alterations to the Red Front Drug Store:

"Owing to an immense increase in the volume of soft-drink business he anticipates during the coming season, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Red Front Drug Store will tear out one window of his store and make it wide open to the street. He will also instal an extra fountain of the most modern and lavish description, and will enlist the services of a helper to Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, who has been practically managing this end of the business for some months. His numerous friends will rejoice to learn that Mr. Witherspoon will not sever his connection with the Red Front, as rumored about town last week, but is to remain in charge and at a nice raise in salary."

Not a scrap of Ivanhoe gossip ever got past Little Sunbeam!

"Wedding bells are soon to ring in our midst. The blissful contracting parties will be Miss Annieleo Bassett, daughter of Clint Bassett of the Gents' Furnishings Palace, and Jefferson Brim Hardin, the scholarly teacher of grade four in the Crockett High School. Mr. Hardin has long been known as one of the Beau Brummells of Ivanhoe, of whom there are two. The other—however!

"A little bird whispers that another romance is on the tapis, as the French say. At any rate, it is rumored that the attentions of a certain well known young man of the community to one of the most talented of Ivanhoe's daughters have been marked of late and are growing serious. The wise ones mention their names knowingly. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, as the Bard says."

"'The first bottle came from the bleachers.'"

NOTHING more was heard from her for a month. Then she put the town on the map again with the following:

"At five o'clock on the afternoon of March 31st, fire broke out in the barn of Deacon Hoover, corner of Main and Fannin streets. An alarm was immediately telephoned in to Central by the colored help, but, owing to a broken connection, also was unable to communicate with the Fire Hall. A member of the Volunteer Fire Brigade, however, happened to be in the vicinity, and responded without hesitation, all alone. He was Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue.

"Rushing from his place of business, the Red Front Drug Store, he reached the residence of Deacon Hoover long before any one else got there, only to find the barn in flames. He reports it was a terrible and majestic sight. Hissing tongues of fire licked upward to a height of thirty feet, sending sparks in all directions, and smoke billowed in clouds.

"People gathered from blocks round, and an effort was made by Mr. Witherspoon to attach the garden hose to the hydrant in order to play the resultant stream upon the conflagration—but all to no avail! The hose leaked and the water would not quite reach the blaze.

"Nothing daunted by a circumstance that might well daunt the bravest heart, Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, instantly secured some gunny-sacks from the back porch, where they were kept for use as a door-mat, and soaked them thoroughly. Then, armed with these, the intrepid young man drew a deep breath and dashed straight into the fiery furnace—or so it seemed to the anxious spectators—and endeavored to beat out the fire. Even that was fruitless. He was driven back by the flames and smoke, and rendered half unconscious by the deadly fumes.

"And then the cry went up that Mrs. Hoover was in the barn. The colored help was first to discover the plight of her mistress, who had been thought, up to that moment, to be down at the post-office.

"Just then we all heard distinctly the voice of Mrs. Hoover crying pitifully from the hay-mow, whither she had gone to pitch down some feed for the cow.

"'Help!' was what she said. 'Help! I can't get out. I'm locked in. Come to me, somebody!'

"A scene of indescribable confusion, mingled with horror unspeakable, ensued. A noble woman was about to burn to death before their very eyes, and they were powerless to succor her. A few of the ladies began to cry; others wring their hands; all shrieked for somebody to do something.

"But there was one who kept his head amid all the turmoil. There was one whose courage and presence of mind never faltered or deserted him. Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, responded instantly to the summons. Oh, to be a man, and fearless and strong!

"'Follow me, men!' he shouted, speeding to the lane back of the barn.

"But, alas, there were no men to follow him. Scores were coming—were even running with swift feet down Fannin and Main at that very moment—but they had not yet arrived. Only ladies and boys were present, and they were powerless to aid.

"All, that is, except Miss Bertine Biggerstaff, who happened to be passing and stopped to ascertain what assistance she could render, if any. She it was who helped Mr. Witherspoon lift the heavy ladder he found by unerring instinct in the lane and carry it to the front of the barn. There the well matched pair, working in perfect harmony and understanding, although not a word passed between them, raised the ladder to the door of the loft, and the courageous young man ascended. The flames leaped and snapped in every direction, and smoke enveloped him so that he was soon lost to sight; but he did not hesitate. With Miss Biggerstaff holding the ladder firmly, proud of being able to assist in the achievement, he rapidly climbed to the loft and sprang into the inferno. How they cheered! But the more thoughtful were dumb with fright, for the danger was very great.

"In a moment, however, out came the hero, supporting the fainting form of Mrs. Hoover. He seemed to be struggling with her. She was, in fact, protesting against being rescued until the cow was also saved. It was not until he assured her that the bovine was already safe in the street and unharmed that she consented to descend. Both made the journey without mishap, and strong and willing arms were outstretched to receive them.

"By that time the Fire Brigade arrived with the engine, but it was too late to do anything. The barn was completely destroyed, together with contents. Deacon Hoover made the statement to your correspondent in an exclusive interview that the loss would be five hundred dollars, and no insurance.

"On all sides is heard praise of Mr. Witherspoon's pluck and daring and reckless risk of life for another. There is talk of recommending him for a Carnegie Hero Medal, and a movement towards this end has already been launched. A meeting will be held for the purpose to-morrow night in the Fire Hall, at which Reverend White will preside."

"'The bride, Miss Bertine Biggerstaff, entered on the arm of her uncle, Mr. W. J. Siler of Windy City.'"

THERE must, however, have been some mean little souls in Ivanhoe—there always are in every community. Witness this item from the next batch of "Gleanings":

"Truly the Bard said, 'Ingratitude stingeth like a serpent's tooth.' There was an instance of it right in our midst

Continued on page 30

WHEN A MAN'S FORTY

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

SOME years ago a distinguished professor of medicine aroused widespread discussion by recommending a form of painless extinction to men of forty. Any one who had not achieved success at that period, he was reported as saying, had better retire as gracefully as possible from the field of effort. Up to that time most people had regarded forty as the actual prime of life. It was therefore something of a shock to learn that this age introduced the period of decay.

Plenty of evidence was at once forthcoming to show that the expert opinion could not possibly be true. Nearly everybody who had read the statement immediately recalled cases in which men, after making numerous failures up to the fortieth year, suddenly got their gait and speedily advanced in the direction of success. History records plenty of instances in which genius failed to manifest itself until its possessor had passed his fortieth year. What better illustration than Grant?

Professor William Osler, to whom the startling statement was attributed, has always strongly denied that he ever made it, but this has not prevented a new verb, "oslerize," from obtaining a respectable standing in our current speech.

From this point of view, the age of forty was momentous as indicating the approach of mental decay. Whether forty does usher in so calamitous a turning-point may be disputed. But recent studies disclose that forty (or even thirty) is a particularly dangerous age in the United States. Whether our minds start going to pieces then is not determined, but there seems little doubt that our bodies do.

Dr. Osler threw off his unfortunate happy thought about suicide at the age of forty—or as the newspapers represented him as doing—in the effervescence of an after-dinner speech. But the investigators have collected a formidable array of statistics, diagrams, and birth and death records reaching back several centuries, which all demonstrate the same thing—that the American of forty has a much smaller chance of long life to-day than did his father or grandfather. The so-called "expectation of life," that is, is decreasing every year.

Don't flatter yourself, if you have safely reached this sign-post, that a happy and healthful old age reaches out in prospect. That is not necessarily the case. Life, you have been told, is more sanitary now than it was a century or two ago. Science has penetrated the secrets of most of the acute diseases. Yellow fever has disappeared from civilized countries; and malaria, with which you shook so violently as a child, has lost its terrors. Cholera epidemics, not uncommon in the United States fifty years ago, no longer visit us. You can now be vaccinated against typhoid as well as against smallpox.

What Science Has Not Done

SCIENCE, in cleansing our cities, building great sewers and water supplies, disposing of garbage, and instituting a thousand precautions against infections, constantly surrounds you with a protecting screen against death. The triumphs of surgery have become commonplaces. If you have appendicitis, a simple operation restores you to health; the most discouraging ills, which destroyed people by thousands fifty years ago, now claim only a few victims each year. At no time in the world's history has the human mind struggled so persistently and so successfully with disease. I could easily run through most of the dangerous acute infections known—tuberculosis, diphtheria, and the like—and quote statistics showing an amazingly decreasing death rate.

And then I could take the mortality statistics from every State in the United States and prove a fact that apparently contradicts all this optimistic information. These would show that, after middle life, death claims more victims now than ever before. Let us consider a few of these facts. Take the most encouraging ones first.

Suppose that you are living in Geneva, say, in the year 1800. The death rate for that year was 39.7 per thousand. But jump three centuries and place yourself there in the year 1900. In those three centuries medical science and sanitation had so progressed that the general death rate had dropped to 17.6. That is, the death rate had dropped more than one half. A summary of all European cities would show an identical improvement. In the registration area of the United States the death rate was 19.8 for 1880. In 1913 it was 14.1.

From all we know of the improvement in health conditions, this is precisely what we should expect. The enormous effort, in labor and money, has evidently not been thrown away. But it is only when we submit these figures to a careful scrutiny that one impressive fact emerges. That is, that this safeguarding of human life affects only the younger part of the population. It is the babies and children that have profited most.

After Forty, Death Rate Higher Now than Fifty Years Ago

THE hideous sacrifice of the innocents that disgraced civilization prior to the last half of the nineteenth century prevails no longer. Progress, in controlling the acute infectious diseases, affects chiefly this youthful part of the population. When we reach the age of forty, the death rate is greater now than it was fifty years ago, and is apparently increasing every year. The figures of the life-insurance companies, as well as vital statistics of cities and States, prove this.

Take, for illustration, the State of New York. In 1900 the death rate of children under one year old was 180.3; in 1910 it was 154.9. Evidently a baby's chance of survival had greatly increased in the decade. This steady increase manifests itself in all ages up to between thirty-five and forty. In 1900 the death rate at those ages was 12.4, and in 1910 it was 12.3. Now, however, the statistics change—a new and unfavorable factor has entered the situation. Above the age of forty the death rate shows a steady increase in the ten years. This rate, in 1900, was 13.8 for the ages extending from forty to forty-five; in 1910 it was 13.7. At fifty 17.2 persons per thousand died in New York State in 1910; ten years later, 19.6 people of the same age passed from the scene. The whole table is so striking, and so worthy of study by those so unfortunate as to have reached their fortieth year, that I subjoin it entire:

DEATH RATE, MALES, NEW YORK STATE, NATIVE WHITE

Age Period	1900	1910
All Ages	18.6	17.5
Under 1	180.3	154.9
1-4	23.0	17.5
5-9	5.0	4.0
10-14	3.0	2.3
15-19	4.6	3.9
20-24	7.4	5.9
25-29	8.4	7.5
30-34	11.2	9.6
35-39	12.4	12.3
40-44	13.6	13.7
45-49	14.7	16.6
50-54	17.2	19.6
55-59	22.5	27.0
60-64	31.0	37.4
65-69	46.3	53.5
70-74	67.5	72.4
75-79	109.4	118.1
80-84	150.1	161.9
85-89	243.8	245.0
90 and over	360.7	394.9

Too Much Prosperity the Cause

EVIDENTLY the net result of all our widely acclaimed medical progress is this: to preserve us in our younger years only to destroy us more viciously after passing the forty-year dead line. Certain students have seen a direct connection in the two facts. The coddling of babies and children, according to this idea, simply keeps alive large numbers of the physically unfit. This brings up to age forty thousands of degenerated physical systems that can not cope with the diseases of mature life. The result is that they then begin to die off rapidly and so increase the rate.

This sounds almost convincing; but one solid fact destroys the explanation. That is, that this phenomenon of an increasing death rate after forty is peculiar to the United States. Other nations—Germany and England, for example—have decreased the death rate up to forty, and these same nations—herein lies the chilling fact—have decreased the rate above this age also! No; the danger here at forty is peculiarly an American characteristic, and is explained by certain factors in American life that do not exist in the same degree in other countries.

The explanation is no mystery; one word makes everything clear. That word is prosperity. The average citizen above forty has far more money to spend in this country than he has in Europe. What is the first thing that the average citizen does with an increased income? First of all comes the stomach. He eats more expensive food—especially meats. He rides around in automobiles instead of walking. The whole tendency is toward a sedentary and luxurious existence. This is true not only of the wealthy classes but of people of moderate incomes. The farmer, the workingman, and the clerk are far more prosperous in this country than in any other, which in itself sufficiently explains the increasing death rate after the so-called age of prime.

The acute infective diseases, such as scarlet fever, typhoid, or diphtheria, are not the agents that strike these victims down. These are the physical foes that assail us openly; they make the frontal attacks. Modern science, because it can meet these assaults openly, in the full light of day, has comparatively little difficulty in combating them. We can protect ourselves against malaria by screening stagnant water; against typhoid by building an uncontaminated water supply; against the bubonic plague by exterminating rats. In these instances the problem—simply because the cause is known, and because the disease itself immediately manifests itself—is fairly simple. But there are other plagues that work silently and in the dark, that proceed after the method of sappers and miners, that hardly make their presence known until the harm has been done. These are the ills that attack the vital organs, like the heart, the liver and kidneys—above all, the arteries. They are known as nephritis, heart disease, arteriosclerosis, diabetes, the many forms of digestive disturbances.

Diseases that Do Not Announce Themselves

PRECISELY what causes these destructive complaints is not known; possibly micro-organisms produce them, as they do the more frankly acute infective diseases. But they are all grouped by medical men under one significant head: they are known as the degenerative diseases. By a slow and insidious process, they break down the body, usually without the individual knowing anything about it.

When diphtheria assails a victim, it immediately rings a fire alarm, and a corps of physicians and nurses rush to his assistance. The whole thing is over, for better or worse,—usually for better,—in two or three weeks. But hardening of the arteries makes not the slightest signal of its approach. It progresses quietly for years without disturbing one's equanimity, and the average victim detects its presence only when the disease is so far advanced that little can be done. If you have passed middle life, the chances are nearly one out of two that your arteries have begun this thickening process—without the slightest suspicion on your part. I base this statement upon an examination of 1000 persons engaged in sedentary occupations made by the Life Extension Institute, which showed that 42 per cent. had varying degrees of arterial degeneration.

How many people realize that one woman in every eight above the age of thirty-five and one man in every ten die of cancer? Here again is a disease that attacks insidiously. If it assails some vital organ, as it frequently does, the victim seldom knows anything about it until it

is too late. All of these degenerative diseases are increasing. These are the foes of middle and later life, and they explain the increasing death rate in that critical period.

Is it inevitable that these disorders should continue to take this frightful toll? Not at all. Indeed, modern medical science seriously questions whether degeneration and death are themselves a necessary normal process. It presents many facts tending to prove that human beings should keep eternally young—that really there is no essential reason why we should grow old and die.

Dr. Carrel Says Death Is Unscientific

THE experiments of Dr. Alexis Carrel at the Rockefeller Institute have apparently demonstrated that death is most unscientific—there is no reason, so far as the constitution of matter is concerned, why it should take place. All death, according to Carrel's discoveries, is accidental—there is no such thing as natural death. Death by a stroke of lightning, a stab in the back, a typhoid germ, a degenerative kidney or heart, all belong to the same class: they are all accidental, violent deaths. There is no such thing, says Carrel, as death from "old age."

The idea that the body reaches its prime, then begins to decay and advance to dissolution by a natural inevitable process, is all a superstition. If we were to give the body perfect care, we should always remain youthful, and—barring accidents, such as automobile collisions and cholera germs—we should never die.

This is no fantastic theory with Carrel—he has proved it experimentally in his laboratory. A small piece of chicken tissue, no bigger than a mustard seed, has revealed this great secret. Carrel has watched this chicken tissue undergo all the natural processes. It has had its period of youth, then it has become middle-aged and sluggish. Then senile, and then has reached the point where it was about to die. As death approached, however, Carrel had no difficulty in restoring it once more to its youth and starting it again on the life process. Carrel has snatched his bit of animal tissue from death hundreds of times and restored its youth. So long as he or some one else watches over it, he says, and repeats the rejuvenating process, that little chicken morsel will never die. It is immortal—it could conceivably live for millions of years.

Our bodies are made up of cells precisely like the object of Carrel's experiment. They become senescent and advance toward death following precisely the same natural laws. If some genius could discover a way of treating them as Carrel treats his specimen, we, like that specimen, would live forever. No one believes—certainly Carrel does not—that human immortality will ever become a reality. But his experiment has great practical value. It indicates the way according to which we can keep young and enjoy a protracted old age.

How to Keep Eternally Young

IN what way does Carrel work his magic? His method is simplicity itself. First he feeds his experimental tissue with food ideally suited to it. It thus develops under ideal dietetic conditions. In spite of this, however, the life processes develop certain poisons—and these poisons are the cause of old age and death. As degeneration approaches, therefore, Carrel washes the tissue in a chemical preparation that destroys the poisons. These two factors—proper food and elimination of poisons—keep his specimen eternally young.

The problem for the man of forty, therefore, is personal hygiene. This includes both matters of diet and the many methods—exercise, fresh air, and the like—that chase away the poisons. Men must be careful what they take into the system; and, since no food is perfectly adapted to the body, they must take all precautions to destroy the poisonous accumulations that spell decay.

These things involve no particular difficulty, though they do demand some force of character. There are plenty of physicians and certain proved agencies—such as the Life Extension Institute—that make a specialty of protecting people from the degenerative diseases. The man or woman who wishes to keep young should consult one of these agencies. Even though your health seems perfect, you would do well to submit to a detailed physical examination. Such an examination will probably reveal defects hitherto unsuspected. Once discovered, much can be done in the way of correction. The specialist can prescribe the proper diet and lay out a course of proper hygienic living. Such a treatment may mean less alcohol, tobacco, broiled lobsters and meat generally, and more vegetables, out-of-door sleeping, open windows, bathing, exercise, and wholesome recreation; but it provides the only escape from the degenerative diseases that are increasing the death rate among middle-aged and old men in this country.

The Blue Aura

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller

(Concluded)

ABOUT the time Dora was leaving Mrs. Petrosini's to meet Lord Anthony, Turco conceived a weird feeling of uneasiness. He suddenly remembered something both lacking and added in Dora's casual bidding them good-by that morning. And as suddenly he recalled the absurd confession she had made to him a week before.

Lord Anthony Harland had invited her to elope with him on this Friday morning. Dora's behavior of late had been unnaturally calm. She had avoided quarrels when more than one opportunity was offered, and there had been alternate gleams of sadness and malice in her eyes.

"Bless my soul!" Turco cried vehemently.

His partner, busy getting into "gym" kit, inquired what was the matter.

"I've forgotten something," Turco replied, picking up his coat and starting for the stairs on a run. He ran all the way to New Compton Street, pulling on his coat as he went, and attracting considerable attention.

The rooms were empty. Dora was not there, but signs were not lacking of her hasty flight. On the mantel-shelf in the sitting-room he found a note for Ted, and he opened it without compunction:

Dear Ted:

You don't care for me any more, so I am going away. You needn't look for me. I hope you will be happy with Mollie, which I can never be. Dora.

One more Turco was in the street. It lacked twenty minutes to eleven, and with luck he could get to Charing Cross in five.

A comical figure he looked, racing along, waving his long arms at cabs, trying to lay hold on them, irrespective of the fact that the flags were down. A policeman who thought he was mad detained him for a minute of his valuable time, and a crowd collected.

But finally an empty cab came crawling along, and Turco stopped it.

"Charing Cross station—as quick as you can," he cried.

SOME of the crowd, scenting excitement, tried to follow on foot, and two little boys followed on the back springs of the cab itself, to their great peril, since the driver delightedly took Turco at his word.

Turco was not quite sure how he was going to stop Dora's running away; but he meant to stop her, if he had to choke the breath of life out of Lord Anthony Harland. Those long fingers of his were like steel. He had the strength and agility of a gorilla. Turco's arm was anything but blue at that moment. A red mist actually swam before his eyes. It blurred his vision.

The station was crowded. He looked about, but saw no sign of Dora. Very likely she was already on the express. At the barrier he had some trouble to pass the ticket collector, but finally got by on the plea that he had an urgent message to deliver to one of the passengers.

It was then a matter of finding her. He looked in every carriage, from Pullmans to third-class. Not a sign—nor of Harland, either.

Seven minutes, now. Obviously they hadn't boarded the train yet. Turco took up his position at the barrier, where he could watch everybody coming in. The hands of the big clock crept on.

Perhaps Dora had not told the truth about the station. It might have been Victoria. Perhaps it was the afternoon train. Perhaps—but poor Turco did not know what to think. He stood there, trembling and sick at heart, his queer face dripping with perspiration, his monkey's eyes searching the crowd pathetically.

It was two minutes now, and he became aware of a man on the other side of the barrier who was watching him stealthily. He was a quiet individual of middle age, bearing the unmistakable stamp of the "gentleman's gentleman."

Turco had seen him before. Where? In a flash he knew. The man was Lord Anthony's valet. He had called once to bring a bag with his master's sweater and boxing gloves.

Turco slipped through just before the gates were closed. He spoke to Dodge in a gasping, croaked voice:

"You're Lord Anthony Harland's man, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mr. La Turequin. I see you remember me. You weren't looking for his lordship by any chance, were you?"

"Just who I was looking for," Turco said.

"Oh, his lordship's postponed his journey. I'm on the watch for a—ahem—a lady who was to have traveled over with him; but she hasn't appeared."

Turco moistened his dry lips.

"Mrs. Tyson?"

"Then you know her, Mr. La Turequin?"

"I—I know her. She's my pal's wife."

Dodge shifted uneasily, and strove to make the situation natural.

"Well, it seems she hasn't arrived. No doubt she altered her plans at the last moment, same as his lordship. Pleased to have met you again, Mr. La Turequin."

He was turning away, but Turco caught at him.

"Wait—are you sure? I—I got to know 'bout this, Mr. —Mr. —"

"Dodge is my name."

"Mr. Dodge, I don't know what you think of his lordship—but, as man to man, I ask you to tell me the truth. You say he's changed his plans. What were you to tell Mrs. Tyson? Was she meeting him somewhere else?"

The valet smiled faintly.

"Oh, no. I was to tell her simply that his lordship was not going abroad. As a matter of fact—h'm—I happen to know he's gone down into the country to be near a lady whose husband has just died—a lady for whom his lordship feels a great deal of sympathy. He only got word last night about her husband's death, so naturally his plans were changed at the last moment."

The cold cynicism of Harland's behavior as affecting Dora swept over Turco without touching him. He was almost happy because he knew—and could prove it, if need be—that at the last moment she too had changed her plans.

TURCO went back to New Compton Street, and she was not there, either. Then he hurried around to the studio, and found Ted in a fever of annoyance.

"You know what I have to do to-day. Darn it is an hour gone—Dora not showed up, either," he said crossly.

"She hasn't been here?"

"No. It'll be lunch-time before long. Did you go round to Petrosini's?"

"Yes. I—yes, I—was there."

"Did you see Dora?"

"No; she'd gone out."

Turco fingered the note in his pocket. How was he to tell his young partner what had happened? And to-day was to have been such an exciting and happy one for them all, Dora included, although she knew nothing of their silly secret. They ought to have told her.

"You know, Ted, you were a darn fool to've brought Mollie into your scheme, even though she was so friendly and willing," Turco blurted out.

"Oh, rot! I had to get a woman's help, didn't I?"

"I think we ought to've got Dora's."

"But it was to be a surprise for her—like a Christmas tree!"

Turco scratched his head.

"You an' me, Ted, perhaps we don't know much about women. Now, Dumpling was different. She liked surprises; but I'm not so sure about Dora."

Ted was impressed by his friend's painful solemnity.

"Well, to-night it'll be all finished and she'll know," said Ted.

"Not much good to-night. I found this on the mantel-piece when I went in, I sort of felt—queer."

He handed Tyson Dora's note.

Tyson read it, a pallor sweeping over his handsome face. Even his lips went white.

"Left me—hopes I'll be happy with Mollie! Oh, my God, Turco! She thought all the time—"

"Yes; you see, that's what she thought," said Turco, gulping painfully. "How could she know, when you said you wouldn't take a flat, that you'd already gone and got one? How could she know that you 'n' me was busy all this week fixing it up? I don't blame Dora. You didn't even tell me that you'd brought Mollie into the scheme."

"Bah! Mollie! What's it matter about her? She's going to be married herself. She don't care anything for me now—no more than I do for her."

As yet it had not entered Ted's mind what a wicked intention had been in Dora's.

"Turco, we've got to find her," he said unsteadily.

"Sure, we've got to find her," Turco replied, as cheerfully as he could. "We open at the Corinthean on Monday. Dora knows that. Perhaps she'll be a sport and come back."

There was no question of practising that morning. They had to find Dora, without the least notion in the world where to look for her.

That Harland might have had something to do with Dora's taking herself off so unceremoniously dawned on Ted slowly. But when the idea finally arrived it came to stay.

He remembered the scene with her shortly after Dumpling died, when she had told him of Dumpling's dream,

Continued on page 15

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A COVER

Photographs by Paul Thompson

"ASK mingo
[illegible]
[illegible] "Dorothea B[illegible] was
saying [illegible] to the camera man
laughed and he did [illegible] so this
sunshiny young artist [illegible] and
did. Did [illegible] he sprinkle it
[illegible] [illegible] New
York Bohemia [illegible] in
spirit [illegible] square [illegible] a
palette and [illegible] [illegible]
also gave a sheriff [illegible] a search
warrant [illegible] [illegible] not
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SPRING STYL

MODEL Number One appearing on the conventional upper left-hand corner is one of the most stylish infant postures. It is what might be called an all-round satisfactorily suited to any variety of journal. It is quite a bewitchingly good-looking to make people stop and look when it was exhibited, at a watched with simple pastimes like guessing a daisy field and in case of its mother being in a mysterious artistry and as other on the couch may can be demanded upon while the engineer of his magazine up neatly all ready for father to read when he come inserting home again

Photograph by Irene Bailey Beals

REPRESENTING none other than that expert executive the Angel Child. Ice lament finds it darting downstairs to calm the crusty cucumber at the sole door the next week rolling up again to reconcile its jangling parents. It never cries except when its Greek grammar is taken from it, and all of its spare golden moments is at spends practising its scales and raising itself to be a choir-boy. Write Reader Ours is opposite.

ON the principle that cars, in case either the dimples or twin style again. Peter and Rep and Duplicate Mac are The two in the picture William grinning and one about to take the

THIS model is just the thing of whom mindful of stay-busy-to-be-cuthered parents. It cleans requires any attention beyond a banana a day and doesn't make any noise around the house because it's always in her running away or being returned

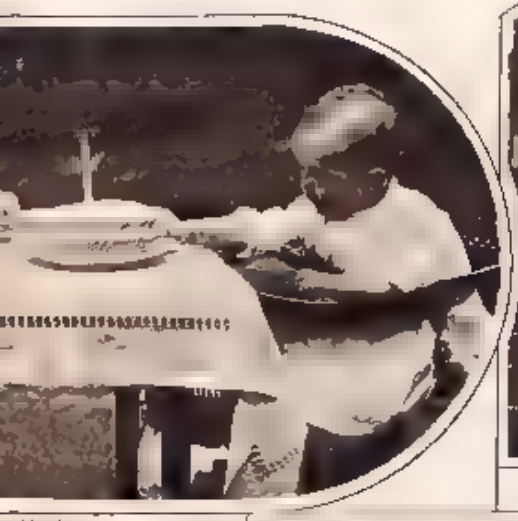
Photograph by Ideal Studios

NO parent could possibly go astray in selecting a model of this knit. It belongs to that handy variety of which Sunday-afternoon-calling luncheon invariably say: "Well, this is a baby." Very cute indeed it may be called upon to exhibit the latest ways. There is its little trick of dropping all its toys on the floor for surrounding grown-ups to pick up. Wonderful! And bright! Gracious! Just try saying "Up-a-daisy." (Especially after him has had time ten-elev.)

NO home as any rate an ordinary home can be complete without a mermaid baby. Little Charlotte Coventry swam before she learned to walk and at fourteen months she dived from a spring-board eight feet above the water into twelve feet of water. But water babies are apt to insist upon water parents. Charlotte's parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coven of St. Stuart Florida are both excellent swimmers and her grandfather was one of the first men to swim the English Channel.

Photograph by R. Deakin

LES IN BABIES



WHY not have a little orchestra in every home? Here we have Jeanne Eagels' daughter and the small children of Los Angeles. Since none of the older boys or girls can be induced to play on the instruments these were made to order and because a child is no bigger than a violin. Of course, hard after a child has been practicing all day to make it play all evening to keep the parents away from cabarets. But an ambitious child is willing to make any reasonable sacrifice if it will help induce his parents to wear and buy or [illegible]

WHICH brings us to the "we" or editorial style of baby. How pleased we be[illegible] presence of childhood. It can sit and smile even in the presence of a viewwriter. Ah, baby wait till Bess grows up poetically speaking. How many a time we have sat looking into our old upon-arrest typewriter saying to ourselves, "There is a month's rent in that old machine somewhere, and enough to pay the laundry bill and the butcher. Just how will, how are we ever going to get it out?"

WITH the pur[illegible] cry of back to the farm now raging, a baby of this variety is almost a necessity. Accompanied only by her trusty pussy she ramps the acres from dawn to dusk and [illegible] which reminds us of a wife Nina Boyes pointed out the other night. Young man, blame his poor dear cow for the high cost of eggs. [illegible] account of the shell wrought at the wa[illegible]

ASK him, the worthy rail-road baby. But exactly the thing not to mention. Why depend upon the cold-hearted engineers who are no relation and who nothing to them if they go off without you and run into your pals? What common sense we want in the personal counts at the [illegible] more civil engineers and fewer civil [illegible]

Bissell

CONE of the disgrace attaching to having been bathed in the kitchen sink. Sink bathing is now the very latest wrinkle in Saturday night procedure. It is easier for nurse, and into, into pillet for baby. Come on in, everybody, the sprinkle is fine

BEHIND THE ADS

Photograph by

When you know what he wrote, talk and write to you all this will not seem out of the ordinary to you. The ink with which letters, notes and bills were done is a mysterious secret, but we do know that it is dark and wears no clothes and the letters they hand William Flynn, inventor and owner of Flynn's Detective Agency, and Robert Burns, writer of great stories. Who are all those men in the background behind Mr. Flynn? "The watch that made the dollar famous." If first impressions are reliable, Mr. Flynn is a great detective. Robert Burns, you may be seated.

"THIS is the opinion of Spencer Trask, who made a fortune as his contribution to the cause of peace. Then there was Pulitzer, who made a fortune and then ruined himself and nearly ruined his eyesight in order to establish the New York World. And so he might go on through the entire list of successful men, including Andrew Carnegie, who made a fortune and then gave it away. But we are going to Salpeter." When it comes to making one weigh bright and sleep well, P. Ryan stands alone. Mr. P. Ryan is the inventor of Spencer Trask. "By whom," he asks, "is the brightness of the world due?" Is it to the presence of the photographer, Brigham, the manager, Wise, you, me, J. K. or Percy Sundas, whom

WE changed from [illegible] when he [illegible] to the [illegible] dealers [illegible] we [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Tyson repeated this incident to Turco and poor Turco looked guilty. He knew so much more about Dora's episode than her own husband did. [illegible] Turco could not be faithful to his partner without betraying Dora. Well, then, he must be faithless.

"What makes you so sure she hasn't got her head over that man?" Tyson demanded.

"Because I know," Turco said stubbornly. "There's nothing in it—there never was, really."

"You're shielding her—I can tell by your manner. Where does he live?"

Turco gave Lord Harland's address, forced to drag along after Tyson to Baker Place, where they found the little house shut up, with a "To Let Furnished" sign posted on [illegible].

As night fell, Turco shunned [illegible] to the theater where [illegible] was [illegible].

Edith came out into the corridor when she could spare a moment.

"Left you? Run away? With whom?" Dora's mother asked calmly. "No, I haven't seen her."

TYSON by this time looked the picture of wretchedness. Turco hung silently in the background [illegible] Tyson's head [illegible] "Did she [illegible] on a man by the name of Lord Anthony Harland?" [illegible] Tyson asked.

Edith Trehawny jumped. "Good gracious, no! Did Dora know him?"

"Ted's potty," said Turco.

Neither of them noticed what he said. [illegible] We had a row or two over him."

"Well, he's a good pal!" Edith sniffed. [illegible] I know crooked her dodges as him. [illegible]

Turco asserted himself at [illegible] and got [illegible] of her.

The [illegible] went back to Mrs. Tetrow [illegible] eight-thirty.

Tyson sat on the couch in the sitting-room. His handsome face was marked [illegible] engine of spread broadcast, would make no stir in the world. His wife had left him. That was nothing; it happened to quite a number of men.

[illegible] friend, all [illegible] a heart of sympathy.

"Don't you worry; I'm most as fond of Dora as you are. Sometimes I think you wouldn't have married her but for me."

"How [illegible]

Indeed, how could it be? He knew nothing of the sovereign slipped into Dora's hand at a critical moment in her career of starvation. He didn't realize that her cheeky independence, banking on that surreptitious gift of Turco's, had made her seem more desirable than the freedom of unchristened.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter—only I'm fond of Dora too, and I believe in her," said Turco. "She's born to trouble—but that's what the Bible says about all of us. We have to work out of that—and Dora's working. I'll say that much for her."

"If you'll tell me where she is I won't deny you," Tyson replied.

"Better have something to eat," Turco [illegible]

He hadn't an idea where Dora was—he had only his faith, based on the fact that she hadn't even meant to run away with Harland. And Turco's faith was a sublime thing. Never had he really doubted Dora. He had only been frightened half out of his senses by an idea.

"[illegible]"

"Isn't it [illegible]," Turco replied. "I say Ted, you know how we planned everything? Ordered supper—and everything?"

Tyson groaned and buried his face in his hands.

"It's waiting now. I told the woman eight o'clock. Champagne—sausage—ice-cream! In our house! What Dora likes. You and me working ourselves to the bone to get the place all ready for her—a surprise!"

"Yes, we ought to've told her," Turco said gloomily. "The longer I live the surer I am women don't like surprises—unless they do it themselves. But what I mean was that you go around there and wait and leave me to find Dora."

Poor little man! He hadn't the least idea in the world how to make good his task. He had only his faith. He wanted to feel Dora's presence somewhere in the great heart of London, unhampered by [illegible] grief of her husband.

[illegible]

The love he had for her was not the love he had felt for Dumpling. Where Dumpling was concerned, he had no regrets. Conscience could point to nothing left undone. With Dora there were a thousand things left undone. That was [illegible] eating. But he [illegible] There [illegible] him a [illegible] Turco had [illegible] and realized a [illegible] his conscience [illegible]

What makes you think you can find her?" Tyson asked.

"I just got an idea," Turco replied with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "Go on, my lad. If you think of anything, [illegible] it—but me, I can only think when I'm by myself."

"You want to get rid of me?"

"I wouldn't say that," said Turco—who meant it nevertheless.

"I can go to the devil," Tyson observed. He rose, [illegible]

"If you do—if you make a beast of yourself—I'm finished. Fair warning," Tyson went out.

TURCO gave a shake to his body. Then slowly he prowled about the deserted rooms that had constituted Dora's home [illegible] he was free [illegible] was [illegible] like [illegible] of mine.

[illegible] was no use [illegible] Morning he [illegible] Dora had left in her top bureau drawer was Eileen Hogarth's address. Eileen. He wondered that he had not thought of her before.

But, as it happened, Dora was not at Eileen's, nor had she been there. It took Turco fifteen minutes to discover that.

He [illegible] when once more he [illegible] [illegible] was not only the worry of Dora [illegible] Dora's husband.

He thought if he walked about a bit he might find her. The streets on the neighborhood had their full quota of young women pedestrians. Turco peered into their faces, pressed close to them, followed one here and there whose figure bore some slight resemblance to Dora's. He was like a lost dog seeking [illegible]

He did not find her.

In his healthier consciousness he perceived the feeling that he should never see her again in this world. But, in spite of his conviction, he kept on searching.

So the hours went on, and it was midnight.

Meanwhile, what of Dora?

She was safe enough, you may be sure; and while Turco was hunting for her so vainly she was on the eve of the greatest moment of pure happiness she was ever to enjoy.

It came about in this way. [illegible] she [illegible] for meeting one needed [illegible] Upon, after [illegible] that

"Tyson read the note, a paltry sheet of [illegible] Left me hopes I'll be happy with Mollie!" he cried."

was quite a logical decision for her. She did not want to go. She had come to detest Harland.

Moreover lately a stealthy knowledge of love had crept into her veins. She knew that she loved her husband. She had learned that, for the first time, when the deserted wife who failed her and threatened to become fast ousted all pure fiction.

Half way to the station that morning her sense of adventure was reinforced and her desire for revenge weakened.

She still wanted to hurt Ted—but she did not want to make it impossible to go back to him some day.

So, when he went for her luggage, she was in time to see Tyson's name on the board in the hall. What did it mean?

Alas! That was where his money had been going of late. That was why he had been so busy. Keeping another establishment!

She wore a disgusted, woe-begone look as she pressed the dreamy bell. There were noises inside the empty-looking hall, and a smell of paint crept through the door.

And then the door opened, and there was Ted, with his face all lined and the look in his eyes which told that the end of patience had been reached.

They gazed into each other's eyes for a few seconds, and then they melted into each other's arms. The explanation came afterward.

Dora broke down and sobbed when she realized what her friend's secret had been. Here was before her eyes—the first new home elegantly arranged and garishly contrived—that he had conceived before she had expressed a wish for it.

He had meant it as a surprise, hoped to coax her to contentment by it.

There was a meal all spread in the bare, pain-smelling box of a dining-room, with just the things she liked. There was a fearful and wonderful bedroom, all done in violent pink. There was a drawing-room—but why describe the flat further? It was hateful, perhaps, but with nothing that Dora did not feel competent to rectify. She was even able to hear Mollie Brian's small share in arranging particulars, was just so much she learned—but Mollie was a fine married sister.

Dora, with an arm about each:

"Oh, I am so happy! Do you love me, Ted?"

Tyson loved her, but he could not say how much, because that was impossible.

She wondered if she ought to tell him how wicked she had very nearly been. No—better wait and ask Turco's advice.

THEY were both famished, so they finally sat down to the gala supper without Turco. He wouldn't mind.

"I wonder where the old chap can be?" said Tyson.

Dora laid down her fork a bit hesitantly, a look creeping into her face. They had been so happy that poor Turco was very nearly forgotten.

"You said he went out to look for me."

"Ah, but he can't be looking all this time," Tyson said comfortably.

It was quite easy not to be worried about Dora, now that she was here.

"Hadn't you better run around to Mrs. Petrosini?"

"Shall tell him."

"I know—but just to be sure he's back. Perhaps he has come back and thought he'd leave us alone for this evening. It's the sort of thing Turco would do."

"Yes, I know. It's probably what he has done," said Tyson.

"But I'd like to have him here. Poor old Turco! Ted, I—I feel that Turco has been a sort of good angel to me. You've no idea—well, I can't tell you exactly. You wouldn't be jealous if I said I loved him?"

This was a sweet and melting Dora, a delicious morsel of womanhood, loving yet still a wee bit coquettish.

"I'd be jealous of anybody," said Tyson.

They had finished their meal and she was sitting on his knee.

"You dear!"

She put her arms around his neck and drew his handsome boyish face to hers.

A flushed nerves her that the kiss was, as described by Turco, must be a symbol of complete moral purification. And Turco had said she mustn't depend so much on other people. She must have some character of her own.

Very well, then, she would wipe her slate clean. Confession was a horrible thing. Yet she confessed. With her hands clasped about his neck, she told him everything.

To be quite truthful, Tyson did not accept the confession of her intended elopement as becomingly as he should have done. He reiterated his desire to murder Lord Anthony Harland.

But they were happier than ever and for a little while longer forgot Turco.

Dora would not go to bed without knowing why Turco had held aloof from them in his strange fashion.

"I couldn't sleep," she said.

Tyson got into his overcoat reluctantly.

"Very well. What time is it? Great Scots. Midnight! Turco's all siesty cocked up by this time."

"Just so long as I know he is," said Dora.

So Ted was obliged to go around to Mrs. Petrosini's to make sure.

ALONE in the splendid new flat, Dora wandered from room to room in a subdued, very gentle mood. Turco would be so pleased to know what a good girl she was going to be forever.

She was a little uneasy about him. It was impossible to believe that he had gone to bed, even though he knew she was safe, without looking in to scold or praise her.

The door-bell rang. Quickly she ran to answer it. That was Turco, of course.

I wish

She stood apprehensively at the big policeman who stood on her threshold.

"Are you Mrs. Tyson, madam?"

"Y yes," Dora faltered.

The policeman cleared his throat. He did not relish telling sad news, although it was a frequent necessity in his day's work.

"Is your husband at home, madam?" Dora, pale with fear, wondered what could mean.

"No—he's just gone out a moment. Please tell me—what is it?"

"An accident, madam. A friend of yours, Mr. La Turque—"

"Turco!" screamed Dora.

"Yes, madam. Run over in the street by a motor-car. There was a lady just ahead that he thought he knew, according to witnesses. He called out to her and started across, not heeding, as you might say—I took him to Charing Cross Hospital—"

"Is he badly hurt?" Dora asked. "I must go to him at once. I—"

"It's no good your doing that, madam. He died before we got to the hospital."

Turco was dead. Dora received the news with an electric shock that made every hair of her head prickle.

Turco was dead!

She knew well enough that he had died seeking her—that she was the woman he thought he was hurrying after oblivious of the motor-car which—bearing down on him—put an end forever to selfishness and sin from his life.

Who—oh, he had known it all she was so—he who had known so many things without needing to be told?

The young policeman was watching her with a troubled expression. She stood straight against the gaily papered wall—a quiet-looking girl, he thought, with her mop of short hair and fiercely bright eyes. He wondered if she was going to faint or do anything foolish.

But Dora had almost forgotten the policeman was there. She had lost herself in thought. A divine message was ringing in her ears. A long time ago a Man infinitely more wonderful than poor Turco, yet the humblest who has ever trod this earth had said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Perhaps when Turco was wandering so blindly, looking for her, it was not merely her maiming body that he sought. Perhaps he knew that the shell of her was safe. Perhaps he had to give his life so that she could capture her soul.

"I'll just wait, if I may, until your husband gets back, madam," the young policeman said uneasily.

"Yes, certainly; come inside."

Dora felt that she could not ask any questions about Turco. It was enough that he was dead, and that he had died for her.

Tyson returned, and Dora sat by herself in the room where they had feasted while the policeman and her husband talked together in low tones in the hall.

Ted came in to her after a little while. He looked ghastly.

"I must go along to the hospital to identify the poor old chap," he said. "Shan't you mind being alone?"

Dora shook her head.

WHEN he and the policeman had gone, she went into the little bedroom that would have been Turco's. It was a bare room—just the bed, a chair, and a washing-stand, with a shelf over the washing-stand holding a few of the cheap little presents he had sent Dumpling.

And over the bed, neatly fastened to the wall with thumb-tacks, was one of the curious water-color sketches Dumpling had been so fond of making, a radiant sunburst effect in blue and gold and [illegible] plunging had labeled it "A Heavenly Thought."

Dora stood looking at the sketch, her heart swelling with remorseful grief.

A heavenly thought.

She knew what would have made Turco happy, were he alive. But, had he lived, perhaps it would have been difficult for her to keep her high resolutions. Now that he was dead, now that he had died for her, she owed it to him to be good forever.

With a sob, she flung herself on her knees beside the little iron bed and made her promise to God in the name of the humble friend who had given his life for her.

If Turco knew, he must have been happy.

The End

"Now that he was dead, now that he had died for her, she owed it to him to be good forever."

Some Unpublished Facts About T. R.

By O K. DAVIS

IS T R actuated solely by personal ambition?

Is the desire to get back into the White House back of every [illegible] he makes?

There are many thousands of people who [illegible]

Here are some bits of inside history, hitherto unpublished, that help to answer those questions

Read them and see if they do not give you a new and interesting light on the character of T R

IN the fall of 1914 I made a number of campaign trips to different parts of the country with Colonel Roosevelt [illegible] candidate for any office but was characteristically exerting himself to the utmost in support of the candidacy of friends who, at one time or another, had supported him, and to whom, for that reason, he felt under obligation. As we were coming back to New York from one of those trips, late in the campaign, just before election,—the Colonel told a Civil War story that he applied to [illegible]

He said that at the close of the war a Confederate general was retreating with his column, and the men were straggling badly. The general dismounted and sat down beside the road to wait for the column to pass. It had been wet weather for some time, and the road was nearly knee-deep in mud. After a while a solitary soldier came plodding along through the deep mud. At every step his boots were nearly pulled off his feet. The general hailed to him and told him to hurry up, [illegible] look of scorn on the general and said

"If I ever love another country, damn [illegible]

"When this election is over," said Colonel Roosevelt, "I shall be a free man. I have paid my debts in this campaign, and now nobody has any more call on [illegible] I shall be free from this time on, and shall do and say just what I want to [illegible]

[illegible]

he said, when that day had passed, and immediately began to express himself with the utmost frankness and freedom on the events that were occurring all over the world, and especially in Europe From that day Colonel Roosevelt "cut loose."

A New Roosevelt

IN some ways, I think the Roosevelt of to-day is a new Roosevelt. Of course he has grown, as all strong men do, from their very contact with big events. But I have long thought that the most marked change in Mr Roosevelt in recent years occurred in that year of comparative isolation on Africa.

Shortly after Mr. Roosevelt's return from Africa that summer I had a talk with him about the general political situation in this country. And then, referring directly to the open talk that he would again be a candidate for the Presidency I asked

"How about the White House?"

"I am the only man in the United States who can speak of the Presidency," he responded, "without the thrill that always comes to the man who has never been in the White House. I have been there for seven years and more. I have had all the honor, all the work, all the glory and all the fun of it. There is nothing more of personal experience that it can give [illegible] and there are so many things that I have not done which I want to do! To be President again, just for the sake of being [illegible] ambition for me. I do [illegible]

[illegible]

these were a great big job of work to [illegible] the White House, and the [illegible] ted me to undertake it, that [illegible]

[illegible]

would detract from my record rather than that would add to it."

Yet it was only a little while after his conversation that he was engaged, heart and soul, in the fight in New York State and elsewhere in which he took so vigorous a part in the fall of 1910. Why did he argue his mind and go into that fight? I heard him give his own explanation of his reason, and I never had reason to doubt what he said.

In the latter part of August, 1910, Mr Roosevelt started on a speaking trip that took him as far west as Cheyenne and Denver and occupied three weeks.

On his way out, the Colonel spent a day with his brother-in-law at Henderson Farm, near Linn, and in the afternoon ten or a dozen of the newspaper men who were accompanying him on the western trip called on him there. The conversation inevitably turned on politics, and presently Mr Roosevelt gave his analysis of the situation. I do not attempt now to quote his language, but the substance of it was this

The Republican party was in for a sound drubbing. Rightly or wrongly, the people were not against [illegible] and nothing that he could do or any one else, or all of them together, could change the result. If he went in, he would at once be made the issue. The campaign would be one of personalities; the real issues would be ignored, and his opponents would assist [illegible] other [illegible] he and his friends received, just the same. T [illegible] velt had kept out the Republicans have done something obviously he was the cause of the defeat.

"Well, then, Colonel," said one of his hearers, "under those circumstances, why do you go in?"

"Because I couldn't live with myself if I didn't," replied Mr Roosevelt.

He went on to explain that the fight of that year was for the same cause and based on the same principles as under his leadership, and that it was being made by men who had always supported him when he was the leader. Now they came to him and said they were carrying on the old fight and wanted his help. Of course they would get it, and he didn't need a rap for the effort upon himself. He was not conquering his own fortunes, or those of any other man. The fight was worth making for its own sake.

The events of the campaign came off right according to the schedule he gave us that day. The drubbing was administered with mighty little mitigation. And, just as he had predicted, most of his opponents had all the disaster to him.

The next year I wrote an article for a New York magazine in which I discussed the probabilities for 1912. In the course of this article I [illegible] if in 1912 there arose in the [illegible] same sort of call for Mr in New York in 1910, he would make the same response. Immediately he wrote me that I had gone altogether too far, and that there were [illegible] which he would [illegible] pt the nomination in 19

A Message to Roosevelt

ON the fourth night of the Republican national convention of 1912, the fight had reached an extraordinary degree of bitterness. The parliamentary struggle for control of the convention had been fought out step by step, and at each step there had been a roll-call. All of these votes had been won by the Taft forces, but by very narrow margins. It was evident that the Taft control of the convention was far from substantial, and the Roosevelt men were eagerly seeking some way to break through it.

On that [illegible] urth evening, when I went [illegible] Congress [illegible] oted after [illegible]

[illegible] man of the Roosevelt [illegible] After perhaps half an hour of fruitless effort to find Senator Dixon, my visitor said

"Well, never mind. I reckon you could take a message to Roosevelt couldn't you?"

I assured him that I could, and he proceeded to give me the message. He said he represented thirty delegates to the convention, all of whom had come there [illegible] for the renomin- [illegible] an party," he went [illegible] we're doing. Our boys are sick of it, and we'd like to find a way out. Now, we have noticed that all the roll-calls that have been taken thus far have been carried by the Taft men by less than thirty votes. That puts it right up to us. If we hadn't voted that way any one of them, that one would have been lost. See the point? That sticks us for this whole thing. Our boys don't like it

"I am the only man in the United States who can speak of the Presidency without the thrill. I have had all the honor, all the work, all the glory and all the fun of it. There is nothing more of personal experience that it can give me."

"Now, we've talked it all over, and I'll [illegible] On the roll-call [illegible] roll-calls, so that our votes will put Ta over, we won't vote for him. We'll vote for any man you folks name, provided you will give a few votes to the same man so as to make it look like an effort to [illegible] nuine. For we're instructed for [illegible]

[illegible] o that it will keep Taft from going over on the first ba [illegible] guess you don't have to [illegible]

I guessed he didn't [illegible] one thing about wh [illegible] bsolutely convinced at that moment, it was this, if Taft did not win on the first ballot he couldn't win at all

I slid down the iron stairs to Colonel Roosevelt's quarters with only one thought in my head We were going to w [illegible]

[illegible] pages to elect it in It never entered my thoughts that there would be any question at all about it [illegible] ng the proposition The Colonel has always "played the [illegible]," and of course he would play it [illegible]

found him in his room surrounded as usual, by a crowd of cronies and enthusiastic followers After some little time and difficulty I succeeded in getting him into another room alone, and began to present my story Before I had the proposition half stated, Mr Roosevelt saw what was

"No, sir! No, sir!" he broke in. "I won't hear it! I won't have it You [illegible] It to me at all. You go back [illegible]

You tell him that this is a crooked convention and I won't touch it with a forty-foot pole. If they will purge the roll I will support any man they want to nominate; but until purge the roll neither I nor any other honest man can touch this convention. You tell him what I say."

"But, Colonel—" I began.

I wanted to argue the point, but he [illegible] ly wouldn't have it

"You go tell him what I say," roared [illegible] l, and bounded back into the [illegible]

[illegible] ed hopelessly back up those [illegible] tairs and faced the man eagerly waiting in my room. I can see him now, sitting there on the edge of the chair, one large hand on each knee and an expression of alert expectancy on his fa

I reported what had occurred in the Colonel's room. My caller's face went absolutely blank as he listened. When I finished he sat silent for a minute or two, and then said [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

THE MELTING POT

In Which the New Books and Magazines are Boiled Down to Give You Fifteen Minutes of Health, Efficiency, Travel, Biography, and Adventure

GOOD HOUSES MAKE GOOD TASTE

IT was ing capital with beautiful scenery which planted the seeds of good taste in us—an instinct for what is beautiful. "The lakes of Italy, the isles of Greece, must have been the inspirers of the taste which later produced the Renaissance and the age of Pericles."

[illegible] has been different," writes Lloyd Warren in the *Journal of National Education*. "The pioneer was by himself an artistic type, and he evinced the struggle for existence that no chance was given to the growth of the art sense. Whatever expressions of the softer side of life came to the settlers were directly imported from Europe. [illegible] shows no signs of national growth. A few of the Colonial mansions of the South brought their traditions from England and substituted for themselves dwellings not unlike in spirit those which they had left behind. In the sleepy farming communities of New England the subconscious desire for beauty produced quaint houses, with columned porticos and elegantly spindled staircases." But elsewhere commerce and hurry had driven out every sense of beauty. The cities were choked with miles of cheerless brick buildings. Now a great change is taking place. Beautiful buildings are getting into the soul of [illegible] American [illegible] and "we are spending millions [illegible] in a work-a-day sense of beauty in each of its awesome strangers. Some day, when completely surrounded by noble architecture, we will all have good taste."

In New York, beautiful towers like these have taken the place of the squat, ugly red-brick office buildings of old.

TURKEY, TURKEY, WHO GETS TURKEY?

THE first prize to the way is Asiatic Turkey. Germany had reached out and almost made the prize her own when she was broke out. Bitten by little, the English armies are capturing it to [illegible] the [illegible] peace [illegible] will go toward making for the peace or future of world."

Germany, as G. S. Metraux points out in his book, *Character in Peace* (Houghton, Mifflin Company), "is only a trifle larger than the State of California and has two thirds the population of the United States. Room for expansion for her was a definite necessity. The German railroad system was to link up Asiatic Turkey a [illegible] to assist in the state of Mesopotamia [illegible] [illegible] of which it could easily support.

"Coal mines are very abundant and rich. Argania copper mines are the biggest and richest in the world. Mesopotamia forms the richest petroleum district in the world. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and these resources are [illegible].

Strongly intrenched in Mesopotamia, Germany would not merely be rendered economically rich, but she would menace the Suez Canal and threaten both Egypt and India, the treasure-house of the British Empire. Indeed, Germany made no effort to conceal this aspiration. In a book that has had wide circulation in [illegible] Count Reventlow says:

"I [illegible] [illegible] effect and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] itself the object and [illegible] importance of the Bagdad Railway was proclaimed to the world to some extent in an [illegible] and very exaggerated [illegible]. It was certainly true that it would be possible, after the network of railways had been completed, to make Turkey a dangerous menace against Egypt and India, but that part of the thing ought not to have been said, so long as Great Britain was in a position to hinder and delay the building of the railway."

It was very wicked, of course, for Great Britain [illegible] defend herself against the contemplated assault in the richest part of her empire. Europe has to think of [illegible] in Germany. The English and Russians are crying in vain as Mesopotamia; and the great question is, "Who will hold Mesopotamia when the peace conference convenes?" and "Who will hold it permanently?"

HUNT FOR CLIMATE ON YOUR OWN PIAZZA

IN zoological gardens the best treatment that can be given to a sick animal is to put it in an unheated outdoor cage. Range cattle are [illegible] from disease than [illegible] are housed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

HOW BRUSH GOT HIS START

DON'T be rude to the man who asks you more questions than seem necessary; don't attempt to show him what [illegible] Give him service for all you know he may come back to-morrow and offer you a better job. That is one reason at the career of Matthew C. Brush, who at thirty-nine is president of the Boston Elevated controlling all intransportation lines of greater Boston.

"My first big chance came when I was working as purser on a lakesteamer," Mr. Brush told Alfred Brunberg (*American Magazine*). "One day I was standing [illegible] lively man stopped there and began asking me

Matthew C. Brush is Chicago [illegible] five years ago to new president of the Boston Elevated. It wasn't luck, he says, but good nature.

[illegible] He complained [illegible] and I [illegible] his complaints as smoothly and fairly as possible. Then he asked me about my work whether I liked my job, if I was an only child, and a lot of other personal questions.

"I hadn't the slightest idea of who the man might be. I figured out that he was lonesome and wanted to talk with some one. So I just smiled and answered everything.

"A few days later I got a [illegible] from the late James J. Hill, offering me a job. He said that he had been talking with John D. Rockefeller about the young men of the country and that the oil man had said I was a promising youngster. Then, and then only did [illegible] that the inquisitive passenger on the lake steamer had been John D. Rockefeller."

TROUBLES OF THE ONLY CHILD

"THE only child is the object of constant and superfluous concern, it is enveloped in exaggerated tenderness," writes Dr. George W. Jacoby in *Child Training as an Exact Science* (Funk & Wagnalls). "The parents are in despair when its screams give evidence of displeasure; they are blind to its faults, they marvel at the most insignificant output of its mental life as an expression of genius. Small wonder if the only child looks upon itself very early as the center of the universe, makes inordinate demands on every one, and has violent outbursts of anger when its desires are [illegible] Education, of course, should effect at least the control of one's impulses and passions; but the educational result of such coddling and spoiling is to give the child's passions and faults unbridled sway. It becomes moody, unbridled, and incapable of persistent work. Also, as a result of pampering, the bodily resistance of the ch[illegible] [illegible] the last trail, is the privation of children from the companionship of other children of their own age, obliging them to associate entirely with grown-up people.

"Children whose desires and impulses find no natural outlet will necessarily have recourse to stilted, artificial occupations as a substitute for the games of childhood, which are so important for their mental development. Not only precocityness, that unpleasant characteristic of an only child, but mental unbalance, are caused by this.

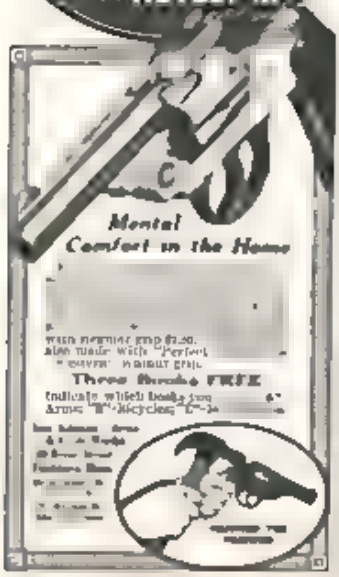
"A great physician, studying the [illegible] children of Vienna, came to the [illegible] that neurosis occurred in those who had no brothers and sisters. He expressed the opinion that the parents of an only child were apt to be well off, over satiated and relaxed from extravagant living, or else they were neurotic in the first place, and could have no more than one [illegible]

"Notwithstanding all this, we must admit that even an only child may come to be the world is a perfectly normal state, and may develop in a normal way, both physically and mentally."

A GOOD BUSINESS FOR WOMEN

THE [illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic REVOLVER



"Mum"

takes all the odor out of perspiration

and keeps skin and clothing fresh and sweet despite the natural effects of overheating. A snow-white, disappearing cream—will not harm nor stain

Use the Picture Way

Moore Push-Pins

What Can I Get from Trade Conventions?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

"THAT industry was all shot to pieces
gone. One manufacturer answered
a trade convention to talk things over
But he was only a little fellow Nobody

"In five minutes friend and foe were busy batting those balloons back and forth through the air, and so interested that they never did untangle themselves again."

saw the big idea. He worked several years, and took all sorts of snubs, to get the manufacturers together in the same they held off from each

right," said Smith. "But none of these fellows will get any information out of me!" Which was his idea of cooperation

Smith met a man out in the hall between sessions. The man talked sense They found a quiet corner and swapped some hard-headed selfishness

"Say, give me your card," said Smith

"Sure! Oh" isn yours want to keep in touch with you," said the other fellow And behold! It was James Smith a business competitor. Neither had hoofs nor horns

In a year those manufacturers could sit least a outlet in the same room with the other fellow Then, *bang!* New administration at Washington. Tariff-tinkering again. Congress wanted to let this industry's products come in free of duty

Had there been no trade associa say the facts before Congress ruin

manufacturers exchanged infor out costs, and the industry is going ahead on a basis of mutual understanding

e value to you of a trade gathering of any kind is twofold, whether you are or a going foreman. First the chance to get information, not merely in formal speeches and papers, but swapping

n one corner Second the o

most successful conventions recently was that of the insecticide and disinfectant manufacturers This may seem a bit humorous. What on earth makers of bug-poison and bacteria find to converse about?"

Many things! The government has passed a law regulating their products, a of pure poison here which makes certain that the bug and germ get what is

ed the manufacturers to install chemical laboratories for the improvement of their products, whereas, before, almost anybody who bought a few poisons and mixed them together could break into the industry The outcome of these scientific improvements was that American insecticides and disinfectants became the best in the world

Now the manufacturers propose to establish an association laboratory, making researches and tests for the good of the industry A lot of trade standards were settled and similar work d But the best thing that came out of the meeting, really was the broad conception of the usefulness of this industry and its chance to grow. Don't laugh at bug poisons or germ-killers, for they enter so profoundly everything you eat hundreds of tons of such products a used every year to fight crop pests and animal diseases

So, in trade gatherings, you not only take your own bits of technical information to swap, but, after all the papers have been read and all the personal exchanges of information made, there is something bigger than any paper or special bit of knowledge that comes out—a sort of sum total of all the information that points the way to progress along broader lines than any individual could have mapped out And this holds true not alone of big industries, and national conventions, but works just as surely when the retail dealers of the Third Ward meet to see what they can do to improve business in their neighb

Delegates of two rival

the same trans-continental train. They had separate sleepers, and kept

where they to mingle glow-

"And behold! It was James—Smith's business competitor. Neither had hoofs nor horns."

"If we could only get them together," said a delegate,

to get 'em together?" asked the dining-car conductor. "That's easy—leave it brought in blew them up, and tossed them among the rivals. In five minutes friend and foe were busy batting those balloons back forth through the car, and so interested that they never did untangle themselves again

When the question of attending a good meeting in your line of business has to be decided, decide to go! There are two chances of your getting a lot out of it. And if you go, there will be just so much of the other fellow going

Little Sunbeam *Continued from page*

only yesterday that would not be believable if it had not happened

"A the meeting in the Fire Hall, called to discuss ways and means of recommending Mr Dupree Witherspoon for a l negro Medal and to financial endowments that go with it which was presided over by Reverend White. Deacon Hoover spoke. It was generally anticipated that take the load in this praiseworthy movement to fitly recognize the l of one of Ivanhoe's most popular

"Imagine then the consternation aroused when he got up and opposed the suggestion. The very man who owed the safety of his precious wife—and what greater blessing can be bestowed on any man than a faithful and loving wife! He actually opposed giving a medal to the young hero who, alone and almost unaided had saved Mrs. Hoover's life

"He pretended like he appre efforts Mr. Witherspoon begged to point out t Witherspoon had simply lifted the bar off the back door his wife could have walked out without any trouble and the ladder would not have been practically ruined."

EVIDENTLY the Deacon's objection carried weight. It remained for the young hero to receive his reward other fashion

ement that caused a profound stir i hoo was made today by the gentlemanly proprietor of the Red Frost Drug Store. It was to the effect that Mr Dupree W therspoon son of Dr and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, would be taken into partnership with him on May 1st next under the firm name of Semple & Witherspoon. Pharmaceutists. As everybody knows, Mr Witherspoon has been the capable and obliging dispenser of soft drinks at the Red Front for more than six months. The *Banner* prophesies for the new firm all the success possible."

Right on top of this bull came a item that filled us h joy-

"Contrary to her usual custom, Miss pergier has returned to Ivanhoe for ter vacation, and is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs. Dink Spanger

And in the very next budget of "Gl ings" this

"Mr D Witherspoon entertained with a dance at the pavilion in the ball park last night in honor of Miss Lola Spanger a the guest of her parents for the Your correspondent has never had beyond bravery but it is rumored that did not arrive in time to be cute d never showed up until eleven o'clock Furthermore, a car broke down on the way home and certain young people were obliged to walk miles through the dust in their best clothes. A little bird whispers that a certain young lady (?) did not show the best of temper in these trying circumstances. All is not gold that

the identity of persons mentioned in our columns

"Now, I wonder," he said irritably scratching his head—"I wonder if this Mr. D. Witherspoon is any kin to Dr and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," I replied.

"Then why the Sam Hill don't she say so in the first place? Little Sunbeam ain't been on her job right lately. Cap She don't seem to have her mind on her

BUT a note of renewed hope was sounded in a letter from Ivanhoe received about five days later:

"A flutter has been caused in Ivanhoe's most exclusive social circles by the arrival of a young and handsome visitor from the North. Though he came without warning, he has taken all hearts by storm and a welcome guest in our best homes. He is Mr. R. Thornton Terry, of Racine, Wis., and he is stopping at the Alexander. Besides being blessed with good looks and a fund of wit, Mr. Terry is said to be the of much worldly goods to wit, grandfath

Report has it that he Spanger met at several fashion- lances while the latter was visiting in the North last year, and that the young lady was a house guest of Mr Terry's family at their summer home on the Lake. Welcome to our fair city Mr Terry The

at hand seldom by value in their eyes. Also, it that a man seldom wants a thing badly which he can obtain at his will, but that in proportion as other men

desire the object too, so will he, and strive accordingly."

The last paragraph was rather involved, and we were at a loss to determine its application until the arrival of her next budget:

"Friends of a certain well known young man of the community feel like cautioning him discreetly against the course he is pursuing in regard to a certain young lady (?) now in our midst. She does not care for him really, or she would not treat him the way she does, and carry on *another affair* with another young man at the same time. Not content with capturing the affections of a dashing youth versed in the ways of the great cities, she must also seek to ensnare an innocent and unsuspecting young man of excellent heart but poor judgment—and perhaps ruin his happiness and that of others! Who knows?"

"What does she mean by that?" demanded Sam Bastedo. "That ain't news."

"Oh, Lola Sparger is having some fun, that's all," I told him.

WARM weather arrived, and Little Sunbeam reported from her territory:

"The Ivanhoe team has been organized, and games with Windy City have already been arranged. Mr. Doc Kinsella will manage the team the same as last year, and, in an exclusive interview with your correspondent, stated that they would dish up an article of ball to which the town could point with pride.

"Mr. Doc Kinsella, the capable manager of the baseball team, has unanimously awarded the prize of two dollars for the best name for his nine to Miss Bertine Biggerstaff. The name she submitted is the Ivanhoe Demons."

Miss Biggerstaff had named them better than she knew. Their first game with Windy City was pulled off the following Saturday, and this is what we found in our mail on Monday morning:

"A disgraceful occurrence occurred here on Saturday afternoon that will leave a stain on the fair name of Ivanhoe as long as Time endures.

"It was at the baseball game between the Demons—demons indeed, and fiends too—and the Windy City Tigers. All Ivanhoe was there.

"The weather was warm and pleasant, and the boys seemed to be on their mettle as they romped about in the preliminary practice. In an exclusive interview, just before the game started, Mr. Doc Kinsella told your correspondent that he did not see how the Demons could lose.

"Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, was agreed on as umpire, and Deacon Hoover, our mayor, threw the first ball. The game began at three o'clock, after the band had rendered very acceptably 'Sailing Down Chesapeake Bay.'

"Mr. Witherspoon made the best umpire it has ever been the privilege of impartial observers to see at the local park, rendering his decisions in a clear, musical voice. The Ivanhoe Demons scored runs as follows: One in the first inning, three in the second, one in the third, none in the fourth, four in the fifth, and three in the sixth—total 12.

"The Windy City Tigers did not do so well at the commencement, and failed to obtain any runs until the sixth; but during that inning the Demon pitcher grew slightly nervous, and the visitors piled up thirteen runs before Mr. Doc Kinsella decided that he was weakening and took him out and put another one in.

"And now it was the fatal seventh. An electric tension filled the air. At times you could hear a pin drop. Anon they broke into tumultuous applause.

"At this juncture Mr. Hi Miller went to bat for the Demons, with two men on bases. The vast throng yelled to him to project it into space. Mr. Miller moistened the palms of his hands, grasped the bat firmly, and gave a tremendous blow to the first ball pitched at him. It went whizzing like a bullet down the third-base line, and Mr. Miller ran like a streak of lightning to first base, to second, to third, and then home, while the Windy City Tigers were furiously hunting the ball in the long grass.

"The thoughtless hundreds leaped to their feet and cheered until the welkin rang; but Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, raised his right arm and stilled the tumult.

"'Foul!' he cried.

"And then pantomime broke loose. Despite the universal esteem in which he has always been held, and the respect which, one would think, his family's position in the community ought to command, they turned against Mr. Witherspoon. They hooted and jeered. Some roughnecks from the Corners did not hesitate to cry, 'Kill him! Kill him!' and they started to descend from the bleachers.

"Yet in this crisis the dauntless young umpire's presence of mind did not forsake him. He ran rapidly to the third-base line, glanced along it, and then announced in clarion tones: 'Fair ball!'

"In this he was but showing his broad-mindedness and following the dictates of his conscience; but the Windy City Tigers failed to take that into consideration. They instantly gathered around him, running in from all sides. Their captain and outfielders addressed him in the most disgraceful terms. Finally, to appease them, he consented to be led to the spot on which they claimed the ball had landed. And there, sure enough, was the mark of the spheroid, plainly discernible on a clump of new dirt outside the foul line.

"What was there for him to do after that? He did what any honorable man would have done. He did his *duty*. Stepping to the front of the grand-stand, he raised his arm majestically and said in a firm, ringing voice: 'Foul ball.'

"Reliable citizens who were present have informed your correspondent that the first battle came from the bleachers, where certain roughnecks from the Corners, *who are known to the officers*, were congregated. However that may be, sundry missiles were hurled, and a perfect babel of sounds broke loose. Cushions, bottles, and even vegetables, filled the air, and there was a rush towards Mr. Witherspoon.

"In this crisis, what did he do? Mr. Witherspoon folded his arms and, with a cold smile, waited for the worst. Next moment they were all around him, shouting and gesticulating.

"And now comes the most shameful feature of the whole shameful business. In the front row of the grand-stand sat a certain young lady (?) who has been for some weeks his almost constant companion and concerning whom and Mr. Witherspoon there have been many exaggerated rumors. She had taken him to the game in her father's automobile, but was sitting with his rival in her affections, a certain young capitalist from the North.

"And guess what this young lady (?) did! Instead of going boldly to his relief and taking her post by his side, she covered her face with her hands and gave way to unwomanly fears.

"Only for the prompt intervention of Miss Bertine Biggerstaff, aided by Reverend White, who was also present, it is probable that Mr. Witherspoon would have been seriously injured. She sprang up and advanced from her seat without fear, and stood in front of him, confronting the rabble who menaced his person.

"'You cowards!' she cried. 'To strike an unarmed man thus!'

"Some of the men began to cheer, but the more heedless laughed, and another strong rush was made that separated her from him.

"'Get him away somehow,' Reverend White advised. 'We must get Dupree home or they will do him an injury.'

"Seeing that resistance would be futile and all expostulation vain in their excited state, Mr. Witherspoon wisely abandoned his efforts to appease the mob, and turned about. Ever swift of foot, he reached the gate a safe distance in the lead; then, turning there, he defied them, one and all.

"'I call the game,' he shouted with the full power of his lungs. 'I call the game and award it to Windy City.'

"Again they surged forward with a roar, and he disappeared along the road leading to town, the frenzied hoodlums in close pursuit.

"It was at this critical moment that

SENECA CAMERAS
Get out into the quiet places with one of the
SENECA CAMERAS
A fine companion in the extremely thin, light-weight
NEW 2C SENECA CHIEF
(illustrated below)
Takes pictures 2¼ x 4¼—slips into your pocket—does anything any camera will do and does more.
We guarantee its ability with a money-back trial and you are the Judge.
Price, $22
Ask your dealer or send for
FREE SENECA CATALOG
describing all Senecas and showing the picture each takes.
Seneca Camera Mfg. Company
173 State St. Rochester, N. Y.

Your Fruit Won't Spoil If You Use
GOOD LUCK
RED RUBBERS
They Fit All Standard Jars
Specially recommended for cold pack canning. Send 2c stamp for new book on preserving or 10c in money for one dozen rings if you cannot get them at your dealer's.
Address Department 23
BOSTON WOVEN HOSE & RUBBER CO.
Cambridge, Mass.

Don't Take a Trip With a Corn

DON'T handicap yourself in a business way or socially with a painful corn. There's no need to keep your mind on your corn.

Blue-jay—the easy way—brings instant relief from pain. And your corns are gone in 48 hours. That is, the average corn. Some very stubborn cases require a second or third treatment.

Millions upon millions of corns have been removed the Blue-jay way. Millions of families keep a supply on hand, and they never have corns. You, too, can be freed now and forever.

Paring corns brings only temporary relief. And harsh liquids are dangerous. Blue-jay is the scientific way.

BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. Chicago and New York

For Sale by All Druggists

Blue-jay

Stops Pain—Ends Corns Instantly Quickly

Also Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Patents Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Patent Buyers, and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion of patentability. Our free books tell how. Victor J. Evans & Co., 716 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

HIGH-VALUE PATENTS the ONLY kind Wanted and BOUGHT by Manufacturers. Send for package for free look at Extraordinary Interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. LACEY, 52 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

MONEY IN PATENTS. PATENTS SECURED OR FEES RETURNED. Booklets, advice free. Send sketch for free search and report on patentability. F. H. PATTERSON & CO., U. S. Patent Attorneys, 628 Patterson Bldg., Washington, D. C.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

MALE HELP WANTED

$125.00 PER MONTH AND ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES! Railway Traffic Inspectors in great demand; five to 6-hour law and competent conditions; new profession; position secured for our graduates by our special employ; three months' course during spare time; thorough experience unnecessary. Ask for Booklet G-25. Frontier Prep. School, Buffalo, N. Y.

PATENTS

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS. Our handbook on patents will be sent free on request. All patents secured through us are described without cost in the inventive American. Munn & Co., Patent Attorneys, 371 Woolworth Building, New York. Washington, D. C., office, 625 F Street.

FEMALE HELP

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS NEED SOCKS. Good money made at home knitting hosiery. Machines furnished on time. We pay you hand rates for making the goods the year round. Wheeler, Incorporated, G-237 Madison, Chicago.

CORPORATIONS

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least cost. Transact business, keep books anywhere. Free Laws, By-Laws and Forms. Reference any bank in Arizona. Standard Incorporating Company, Bee Bee, Phoenix, Arizona. Branch Office: Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California.

SONG POEMS

SONG POEMS WANTED. BIG DEMAND. Writers receive over $5,000,000 yearly from publishers. Send for Successful Song, Music and Sales Service booklet. Broadway, suite 23, 1431 Broadway, New York.

HELP WANTED FEMALE

LADIES TO SEW AT HOME FOR A LARGE Philadelphia Firm. Good pay; nice work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Department 52, Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEWS CORRESPONDENTS

EARN $25 WEEKLY, SPARE TIME, WRITING for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 486, St. Louis, Mo.

SHORT STORIES MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE WANTED for publication. Submit MSS., or write Literary Bureau, 156, Hannibal, Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.

WE ACCEPT SCRIPTS IN ANY FIELD—ADVICE FREE—sell on commission. Big Rewards. Make money. Write at once. Writers' Service, Box 56, Auburn, N. Y.

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, sunrafts, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and moistening tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

City Farms at Richmond, Va. There and live acre farms, very fertile, almost in city limits. Farm, size of forty city lots, with bungalow and other improvements, costs less than a city lot. Easy terms—delightful climate. Local jobs in Richmond (population 200,000). For particulars and excursion rates address E. T. CRAWLEY, Industrial Agent, Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, Room 630, Richmond, Va.

LAW STUDY AT HOME. Become a lawyer and be your own employer or practice in any state. Legally trained men win high positions and big success. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Law text only. $3,000 to $10,000 Annually. We guide you step by step. You can learn at home during spare time. We prepare you to pass bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 128 page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books Free. Send for them now. Sprague Correspondence School of Law, Dept. 623-FA, Chicago

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD, Suite 236, 180 5th Ave. New York City

MONEY IN SQUABS Raise Pigeons for Profit. Hundreds of pairs wanted. Our pure breed birds tell all about it. Money birds to pairing. Others have taken $100 a month. Others made money. Learned others how. Both sides, Free circular. White today. Commercial Squab Co., Box 17, Des Moines, Ia.

INVENTORS SHOULD WRITE FOR LIST OF "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent"; sent FREE. RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 142, Washington, D. C.

PATENT SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free Patent Book, Selling Guide and List of Inventions Wanted. Advice Free. Send Sketch. Randolph & Co., Attys., 582 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

Miss Bertine Biggerstaff had another inspiration. The automobile belonging to Mr. Dink Sparger, and which had been used by Miss Lola Sparger to come to the game, was standing outside the gate in charge of their colored yard-man.

"Leaping lightly into same, she imperiously commanded the negro to drive with all speed to the rescue. At first he demurred, but she was not to be denied. By promises of rich reward she succeeded in persuading him to start the car.

"The magnificent machine leaped forward like a thing alive,—there is no denying that automobiles are very useful and have probably come to stay,—and they overtook the mob at the corner of Main and Fannin streets, where they had halted, at a loss. Their prey had disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up, and they were hunting in every direction.

"An intuition for which she is unable to account prompted Miss Biggerstaff to walk quietly down the lane in rear of Deacon Hoover's abode. And there on the porch, behind the ice-box, was the well known form of Mr. Witherspoon. Nobody was near to observe. She signaled to him, and he joyfully permitted her to approach.

"It was decided that they should appeal to Mrs. Hoover for sanctuary, inasmuch as he had once been instrumental in saving her life, and this was done. She readily agreed to hide him until the crowd dispersed.

"The leaders of the perpetrators of this outrage are known to many, and condign punishment will be meted out to them."

THIS was hot stuff, but her next letter was equally startling:

"Our peaceful community has been profoundly agitated by discovery of a romance which came to light accidently.

"Miss Lola Sparger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dink Sparger, left town early Monday morning in the family automobile and drove to Windy City. And there she met—by previous arrangement, it is said—a certain young man who has been visiting in our midst of late, Mr. R. Thornton Terry. The couple repaired immediately to the residence of Reverend J. Schoonover, and at the hour of twelve noon were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. And so endeth an affair that has given rise to more conjecture and talk than most anything previously occurring in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

"Mr. and Mrs. Terry left on the Limited later for Denison, from where the bride telegraphed her father what she had done, asking forgiveness and his blessing. Mr. Sparger left at once in a hired automobile to be at her side, and it is rumored that the young couple will return shortly to Ivanhoe and take up their residence with the bride's parents.

"But that is not all—far from it! Mr. Terry is *not* a capitalist. His grandfather *never* owned tracts of land in Virginia before the war, and never even lived in Virginia. In fact, nobody knows whether he ever had a grandfather. He is really a book agent, and the reports that he met Miss Sparger at fashionable dances in the North are without foundation. Equally untrue are the stories that she visited at his mother's summer home on the Lake. She met him *on the train* during her last trip home, and she had never even seen him before.

"But all's well that ends well. The *Booster* extends to Mr. and Mrs. Terry congratulations and best wishes for a happy married life."

If we were flabbergasted by this news, judge of our amazement and delight on receiving, a month later, the following:

"For more than an hour the mighty multitude sat in pensive silence, as if entranced by the rare and redolent perfume of flowers, waiting for the hand of Time to point his index finger to the appointed hour. Just at 8:30 every soul seemed to tingle with exquisite elation at the first mesmeric tinkle of marriage bells and the rolling of the wedding march in full diapason. Then the stillness that ached was suddenly broken by the appearance of the attendants.

"Following at intervals, as the tick of the clock, the entire bridal party strolled in, seventeen in number, and took their places at the matrimonial altar to witness the climacteric consummation of the divine compact. The bride, Miss Bertine Lee Biggerstaff, daughter of the late Boyce Biggerstaff and Mrs. Biggerstaff of Cedar Street, entered on the arm of her uncle, Mr. W. J. Siler of Windy City. She wore an exquisite white satin dress trimmed with seed pearls, a tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a handsome bouquet of lily-of-the-valley.

"Immediately after the solemn ceremony, the bridal party, together with relatives and friends, accompanied the bride and groom to the home of the bride's mother, where they were doubly delighted by debonair delicacies and gladsome congratulations. It seemed to the guests that they were partaking of ambrosia and nectar. Indeed, each participant might have exclaimed with Milton, the Blind Bard:

> I scent the air
> Of blessings when I come but near the house.
> What delicious breath marriage sends forth!
> The violet beds no sweeter.

"The happy couple left on the midnight train for Galveston and other Southern points, and after the honeymoon will take up their residence in Ivanhoe."

NOW, that was what Little Sunbeam sent—a full and pleasing account of the wedding of Miss Bertine Biggerstaff, but not so much as mention of the bridegroom's name! It cost us twenty-six cents for a telegram to ascertain this information. Back came the answer:

"Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue."

And I heaved a sigh of relief. Doubts of the happiness of that couple were idle and foolish; she would not spoil Dupree; already she had him tagged exactly where he belonged.

But in came Sam Bastedo, trembling with the triumph of a discovery.

"Cap," he said, holding Little Sunbeam's copy in his hand, "I been thinking. And I sort of got the idea that Little Sunbeam might be this here Miss Bertine Biggerstaff. Do you reckon she is?"

"It wouldn't surprise me."

"Then," declared Sam, "it behooves us to do something for her. It behooves us to buy her a lil' present or something. What do you say? I'll go in on it for four bits."

"It sure do behoove," I replied.

And that was why we went out and bought a cut-glass bonbon dish for Little Sunbeam and sent her three years' subscription to the *Booster* gratis.

How I Went into Business for Myself

WE will pay $25 for the best letter on this subject and $15 for the second best. We want to hear from all you folks who, after working a while for some one else, decided you could do better by working for yourselves.

What experience did you have? How much capital did you have? Where and how did you begin? What were your actual costs and profits or losses the first year? How long did it take you to get your business on its feet?

Write fully and frankly anything that will be helpful to other people.

At the same time and in the same way, we would like to hear from people who—without giving up their positions—have established successful side-line businesses.

All letters must be in our hands three weeks from the publication of this announcement. And any letters that are good enough to print will be paid for at regular rates.

Address BRUCE BARTON, Editor, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

How Is Your Electrical System To-day?

By ERNEST A. STEPHENS

YOUR storage battery and the necessity for keeping it in good condition was dealt with in a previous article, mainly for the reason that the efficiency of the electrical system of your automobile is absolutely dependent upon its state.

In addition to the battery, the standard equipment for starting and lighting service comprises a starting motor and a lighting generator, with the necessary switches, wiring, etc. When, as is the case in the majority of present-day cars, the ignition forms a part of the regular electrical system, a coil and a distributor are added.

These electrical systems vary in detail and also in manner of installation, and for these reasons it is essential for everybody who wishes to understand his starting, lighting, and ignition sufficiently well to care adequately for minor defects or unexpected troubles, to study the particular system in its relation to his individual car. Full information, with wiring diagrams, etc., is always given in the instruction book that accompanies each new automobile. Read it carefully; it will repay you amply. Too many of us are content to know that the action of pressing a button starts the engine. This may be all very well when it actually does so; but supposing it *doesn't?*

Above All Be Clean

LET us first consider just what happens when you operate that button, assuming everything to be in perfect order. Your storage battery sends a current along the wires to the starting motor, your ignition system furnishes a spark in the combustion chambers, and your engine starts. When your engine is running it operates the generator, and this, in turn, furnishes the storage battery with current to replace that taken from it for use in operating the starter and the ignition.

Nothing more or less than an endless chain of operations. In some systems the starting motor and the generator form a single instrument, instead of being individual units; but the operating results are similar in each case.

If your battery is in perfect order, your wiring in good condition, with terminals making positive connections and both starting motor and lighting generator are perfectly clean, you won't have much to worry about; but emphasis can not be too strongly laid on the word *cleanliness.* It is a word that may be applied to anything in connection with the mechanism of your car, but it possesses especial significance in its relation to your electrical equipment.

Watch and Test

IF moisture or dirt is permitted to collect on your starting motor and generator, you may expect trouble; for, sooner or later, any foreign substance is likely to act as a conductor and cause a short circuit. Dust may accumulate in the generator, and this should be opened periodically and carefully wiped clean. If carbon worn from the brushes collects in the generator housing, you can blow it out with a tire pump. Keep the various terminals clean, and see that the binding screws are tight; and if, for any reason, you have disconnected the battery or the generator, do not run your engine until they are again connected.

Don't forget that vibration is apt to loosen connections, and that frequent inspection and testing are desirable. If you wrap bare wires, such as those leading to lamp-sockets, with adhesive tape at the connections, you will help to prevent possible short circuits caused by fraying against sharp edges, etc.

Located on your instrument board is very probably an ammeter, a device that indicates the proper rate of charge or discharge of your battery, and that tells you whether the generator is working, and whether the battery is receiving its proper charge. When the car is running above a given speed, say at ten or fifteen miles an hour, the generator is presumed to be charging the battery; at lower speeds the battery is discharging the current needed for the operation of the lights.

When Something Is Wrong

TAKE a look at the illustration, and make a mental note of the fact that when the hand is pointing to the left of the central zero mark the battery is furnishing current to the lamps—in other words, it is discharging. When it points to the right the generator is delivering current to the battery—that is, the battery is being charged. The ammeter *does not* show the amount of current in the battery, but its failure to indicate conditions properly tells you that there is something wrong somewhere or other in the system.

It is impossible to deal fully with electrical troubles in a single article; but the reader is reminded that this magazine is ready and willing, without charge or obligation, to help those having car troubles.

Mr. Stephens' book, "Running Your Car at a Minimum Cost," written for our readers, will be mailed on receipt of a nickel. Address 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Our Motor Service Department

Let us help to solve your problems. Write fully, and remember you incur neither expense nor obligation. Mark your letter "Automobile Editor."

Please tell me if there is any real advantage in using "oversize" tires. I know they cost more, but is it likely that the extra wear will compensate for this?
L. M., Ohio.

As a general rule it pays the motorist to use oversize tires. They provide a wider margin of safety, and, under normal conditions, they wear longer and give less trouble. Keep them fully inflated, even although you may be tempted to run them softer on account of the extra size.

The leather facing of my cone clutch has become hard and stiff and the clutch is not working properly. What should I do to put it right?
J. D. P., Oregon.

You can soften it with a little neatsfoot oil. This is more a leather dressing than a lubricant. Do not use ordinary oil under any circumstances.

I have had quite a lot of trouble with spark plugs, owing to broken porcelains. What is the cause?
Emile, Louisiana.

It may be due to unusual vibration over rough roads at high speed. Perhaps you are screwing the plugs into the cylinders too tightly by the use of an extra powerful wrench. Perhaps you have struck a few defective plugs, and if so, you ought to remonstrate with the manufacturer.

My front tires are wearing rapidly and in uneven lines of rubber and lining, the latter being exposed in several places. The rear tires, which have run the same distance, are all right. Can you suggest the cause of the trouble?
D. M., Ind.

In all probability your wheels are out of line with each other or with the rear wheels. Look for a bent axle, undue shake in the wheels, or a possible broken bearing. In any case, this is a matter which should be dealt with immediately by a competent repairman, otherwise your tires will continue to wear rapidly.

Published weekly by The Crowell Publishing Company, at New York, N. Y. George H. Hazen, President. Executive and editorial offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. All rights reserved. Subscription terms: In the United States, its possessions, Mexico, and Cuba, $3.00 a year. In Canada, $4.25. Foreign countries, $5.72. Entered as second-class matter June 18, 1914, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Positions Guaranteed
Millions of dollars are spent yearly for beauty treatments. The demand for women who know beauty culture far exceeds the supply. Right now we have many urgent requests from Marinello Beauty Shops all over America for our graduates. This proves that beauty culture offers every woman her greatest opportunity of life-long prosperity, independence and happiness. Marinello graduates receive preference everywhere because the Marinello School teaches every branch of beauty culture in the most complete, efficient and logical way. We absolutely guarantee to place you in a good position or pay you your money back. Write now for our free book, and send at once for special offer to new students.
MARINELLO Co. Dept. D-8, Orpheum Bldg., Chicago
Big Salaries

The underarm should be smooth for most dress. Sensor X-Bazin powder loses your shaggist, apply it, and note how quickly, harmlessly and effectively the hair disappears. In use over 30 years. Druggists endorse it. 50c and $1.00 at druggists, or send direct to HALL & RUCKEL, 204 Washington St., New York

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT
Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 2,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning $7,500 to $10,000 a year. We train you thoroughly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. Examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of Bookkeeping unnecessary to begin—we prepare you from ground up. Degree personally conferred by Wm. A. Cuthe, LL.M., C.P.A. (Ex-Secretary Illinois State Board of Examiners in Accountancy) and large staff of C.P.A.'s. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for free book of Accountancy facts.
La Salle Extension University, Dept. 656-HR, Chicago
"The World's Greatest Extension University"

PIGEONS PAY
Raise them chiefly. Easy. Spare room; quiet; we furnish breeding stock; when in 6 weeks old. We demand $1—$3 each. Our part of partnership pays you $1 per pair per month. Send 4c for booklet explains all.
PATRIOTIC PIGEON CO. Dept. 195, Ada, Ohio.
FREE booklet

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U. S. or Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO. Cincinnati, Ohio

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody." "How?" With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right. "The Morley Phone for the DEAF" is the story what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weighs less than a teaspoon. Anyone can adjust it. Permanent benefit guaranteed. Over one thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 761, Perry Bldg., Phila.

INVENTIONS—PATENTING AND PROMOTING
A book containing practical advice and directions for inventors. Many inventors' needs listed in our Inventors' Exchange. Basic, Exclusive and Advice FREE. Lancaster & Allwine, 241 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

You Can Take Hills on High Without A Knock
if you will keep your motor free from carbon. — That knock — the difficulty you have climbing hills — poor pick-up — lack of power — noisy motor — in fact 80% of engine trouble is caused by carbon. Clean it out with
JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER
and your engine will run like it did the first 500 miles — quietly and full of "pep". And your gasoline consumption will drop from 12% to 25%.

You Can Do It Yourself
For 25c—five minutes time—and no labor, you can remove all carbon deposits. Simply pour an oz. of Johnson's Carbon Remover into each cylinder. It softens the carbon and releases it from the metal—then as the motor is operated the deposit powders and soon out with the exhaust.

Use It Every 1000 Miles
If you will use Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover at regular intervals, giving carbon no chance to accumulate, you will automatically eliminate most valve trouble and your engine will always be clean and at its highest efficiency.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Johnson's Carbon Remover use attached coupon

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. EW8 Racine, Wis.
I enclose $1.00 for which please send me by prepaid express enough Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover to keep my motor clean for 5000 miles.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
My dealer's name is.....
Made and Guaranteed by S. C. JOHNSON & SON Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

The girl who wanted more color

The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for

THE girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand. The rest of us *must have* at least a touch of color—and if we are to possess *all* the charm of that radiant, velvety skin—one you love to touch—we must have the kind of color that "comes and goes."

What is keeping most of us from having this charm?

It is a dull, sluggish skin that is keeping so many from having this charm. And just as long as you allow your skin to remain lifeless and inactive, this charm will be denied you.

To change this condition, your skin must be freed every day of the tiny dead particles, so that the new skin will form as it should. Then, the pores must be cleansed, the blood brought to the surface, and the small, muscular fibres stimulated.

You can do this by using regularly the following Woodbury treatment. It will keep the new skin, which is forming every day, so healthy and active that it cannot help taking on the radiant touch of color you want your complexion to have.

Begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your wash cloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* wrapped in a soft cloth. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference at once.

Use the treatment persistently, and before long your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness and freshness as well as the lovelier color which the daily use of this Woodbury treatment will bring.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere.

Send 4c now for book of famous skin treatments

One of the Woodbury treatments is suited to the needs of your skin. We have given just one of them on this page, but you can get them all, together with valuable facts about the skin and its needs, which few people know, in a miniature edition of the large Woodbury book, "A Skin You Love to Touch." For 4c we will send you this miniature edition and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these famous skin treatments. For 10c we will send the miniature book and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1806 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For sale wherever toilet goods are sold.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1806 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.